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THE PITY OF IT!

The passion aroused in the German breast last August, when it became evident that England, the old-time champion of the menaced liberties of Europe, had no intention of evading its honorable obligations toward Belgium and France, and viewed treaties as being distinctly something more than scraps of paper, was characterized by a peculiar form of petulance. We read with sorrowful amusement of the Kaiser's actions in casting off the various honorary distinctions bestowed upon him in happier times by the English government, and in thus reducing to a considerable extent the number of costumes in his wardrobe. A more serious matter was offered by the many German scholars who forthwith disclaimed any further membership in the scientific and literary associations of the enemy nations, and flung back upon the donors their medals and degrees and official titles. While this act, also, was so childish as to be amusing, it had besides a very serious and ominous aspect, for it betokened a rupture in the intellectual commonwealth that was bound to work much mischief long after the warring peoples should have come to terms upon the battlefield. To many of us, this was the most harrowing thought of the war—the thought that the world's comity of intercourse in things spiritual, the strongest bond of brotherhood that civilization has established among men, was likely to be shattered as regarded the nation to which the rest of the world is in so many fields of achievement so heavily indebted. The thought weighed intolerably upon those whom culture had broadened to world-mindedness, and who were brought by it to a more poignant sense of the meaning of warfare than is possible to the *homme sensuel moyen* who eggs on the combatants from narrow motives of pelf or misguided patriotism.

The thing was not without precedent. We recall the similar amenities which were a by-product of the Franco-Prussian War. We recall, for example, the case of Pasteur, who returned his diploma to the University of Bonn, saying: "Now the sight of that parchment is odious to me, and I feel offended at

seeing my name, with the qualification of *Virum clarissimum* that you have given it, placed under a name which is henceforth an object of execration to my country, that of *Rex Gulielmus*." The counter was neat and emphatic: "The undersigned, now Principal of the Faculty of Medicine at Bonn, is requested to answer the insult which you have dared to offer to the German nation in the sacred person of its august Emperor, King Wilhelm of Prussia, by sending you the expression of its *entire contempt*. P. S. Desiring to keep its papers *free from taint*, the Faculty herewith returns your screed."

It was Renan, however, rather than Pasteur, who carried off the honors in these exchanges of diplomatic notes between the great powers of European scholarship. His correspondence with D. F. Strauss offers a masterpiece of the delicate and deadly satire, or caustic irony, which no stylist but a Frenchman could possibly have at his command. Commenting, nearly a year later, upon the fact that Strauss had published the correspondence in a pamphlet, Renan said:

"It is true that you have done me an honor which I am bound to appreciate. You yourself have translated my reply and included it with your two letters in a pamphlet. You have had this pamphlet sold for the benefit of an establishment for wounded German soldiers. God forbid that I should quibble upon a point of literary property! The charity to which you have made me contribute is a work of humanity, and if my feeble prose has been instrumental in bestowing a few cigars upon the men who looted my little house at Sèvres, I thank you for having given me the opportunity to conform my conduct with certain of the principles of Jesus that I believe to be the most authentic. But I must call your attention to a delicate distinction. Assuredly, if you had permitted me to publish one of your writings, it would never have occurred to me, never in the world, to do it for the benefit of our *Hôtel des Invalides*."

How profoundly Renan's nature was stirred by the Franco-Prussian War, and how poignantly he felt the disruption of intellectual comity that it inevitably entailed, may be seen on many a page of his "*Réforme Intellectuelle et Morale*," from which the above passage has been translated. This is indeed a volume for the present times, replete with wisdom, and infused with the noblest of feeling. We read in the preface:

"It had been the dream of my life to labor, to the extent of my feeble powers, for the intellectual, moral, and political alliance of France with Germany, an alliance that should bring England in its

train, and constitute a force capable of ruling the world, directing it in the ways of liberal civilization, equally apart from the naively blind impulses of democracy and from the puerile velleities that would have it retrace its steps toward a past that is definitely dead. My dream, I admit, is destroyed forever. An abyss is dug between France and Germany; centuries will not avail to fill it. The violence done to Alsace and Lorraine will long remain a gaping wound; the guaranties of peace dreamed by German journalists and statesmen will be guaranties of wars without end. . . . What we loved in Germany, its breadth of view, its lofty conception of humanity, exists no longer. Germany is now nothing more than a nation; she is at present the most powerful of nations; but we know how enduring are these hegemonies and what they leave behind them."

At the close of Renan's correspondence with Strauss comes this melancholy refrain:

"France is about to say with your Herwegh: 'Enough of that sort of love; let us try hatred for a change.' I shall not follow her in this new course, the success of which may be doubted. France holds to a resolve of hatred less than to any other. In any case, life is too short for it to be wise to waste time and dissipate energy in so wretched a sport. I have toiled in my humble sphere to bring about friendship between France and Germany; if now the 'time to refrain from embracing' has come, as the Preacher says, I will withdraw. I will not counsel hatred after having counselled love; I will keep silent."

How closely all these old matters are paralleled in the present tragic hour is apparent to every reader of the history that is now being made from day to day. The correspondence between Strauss and Renan finds its counterpart in the letters exchanged last autumn between Herr Gerhart Hauptmann and M. Romain Rolland. The petulant attitude of German scholarship is once more illustrated by Professor Kuno Meyer, who has recently taken such offence at some poor verses of anti-German tenor contributed by an undergraduate to the "*Harvard Advocate*" that he has held the University responsible for the "vile poem," and indignantly repudiated the plan to make him an "exchange professor" in that institution for the coming year. His screed addressed to President Lowell speaks of "this gratuitous and shameful insult to the honor and fair fame of a friendly nation," declares Harvard and its President to be "branded before the world and posterity as abettors of international animosity, as traitors to the sacred cause of humanity," expresses the hope that "no German will again be found to accept the post of exchange professor at Harvard," and voices his regret that he himself was ever

induced "to set foot in the defiled precincts of a once noble university." And the occasion for this outpouring of emotion is nothing more than the fact that an irresponsible student, in a publication entirely controlled by students, has written in a sense antagonistic to the German cause! *Hinc illa lachryma*. Was there ever so amazing an exhibition of childishness on the part of a man supposed to stand for light and leading!

Such matters are symptomatic of a breach which is not so much a rift within the lute as an unbridgeable abyss—and the gulf has been, if possible, widened by the attitude of the German nation toward the "Lusitania" crime, frankly adopting and defending the Black Hand method of warfare, and openly exulting in its ghastly outcome. The intensity of the feeling engendered between Germany and the powers she has made her foes finds so many illustrations that it is disheartening to think of the legacy which her aggression will bequeath to the coming generation. What hope can there be of a resumption of friendly relations either in the political or the intellectual sphere when such a man as Professor von Leyden of Berlin can utter such sentiments as these:

"No self-respecting German will ever consent to remain in any room of which an Englishman is the occupant. If the German can not eject the Englishman he will himself leave the room. We can not be expected to breathe the same polluted air as our deadliest foes, who fell upon us from the rear and in the dark. There can be no compromise on this point. We have to swear a national vendetta against the English never to rest, never to cease our preparations for another war, never to spare an effort until the last semblance of English power is destroyed, and there will be no rest or repose for any honest German till the British Empire has been swept into the oblivion of past history."

The virulence of hatred found in this utterance and in the famous *Hassgesang* is typical of the German attitude in its present aberration. While opinion in the opposing camps does not go to such extremes, it is nevertheless determined on the question of future relations with the enemy. The French attitude is reported by Mr. Stoddard Dewey, who knows the contemporary French mind in all its workings, in the following words: "Whatever may be the terms which France will have to accept or which will be imposed on Germany, all human relations of Frenchmen with Germans have ceased indefinitely. . . Every French consciousness, erroneously or not, is filled with

too keen a sense of intolerable wrong for human intercourse until Time the Healer has passed."

Viewed *sub specie aeternitatis*, this is clearly an impossible situation, but it is one that will prolong the tragedy of the present clash of arms long beyond the date of the formal treaty of peace. It will take many years to bind up these wounds, and bring either of the combatants to the standpoint of "malice toward none and charity for all." But the intellectual severance, we feel assured, cannot last forever; to believe that it will so last is to take counsel of despair and to reject utterly the unifying ministry of idealism to the overwrought mind. Perplexed in the extreme though the issue now be, the future, if far distant, must bring a return to acceptance of the faith that in matters of the spirit all the races of mankind have a commonwealth of which the franchise is offered to every sincere seeker after goodness and truth and beauty. Every indication of a return to the sanity of outlook in this vitally important matter should be received with generous hospitality as a welcome harbinger of the reconciliation that the future must bring as an atonement for the distraught present. Some such indications are already at hand, significantly from German sources, and we trust that they may be multiplied before too grievous a period of estrangement shall have intervened. It is the socialist deputy Herr Haenisch from whom these hopeful words come: "There has been some talk that in future German science and art must lead their own life and that foreign scientific work should not be reviewed in German periodicals. This is sheer rubbish. After the war the nations will be still more dependent upon one another than before, and without the fructifying influence of foreign countries our national culture will wither." And it is the "Frankfurter Zeitung" which asks editorially: "What sense is there in German professors declaring that they will no longer collaborate with this or that scientific institution in England? Science and art have always appeared as the common possession of civilized peoples, and does not one injure one's own people and its science by sitting on the stool of isolation and by breaking off scientific intercourse?" Such utterances as these show that the seed is already being sown of a future comity which it should be the sacred mission of every lover of mankind to further in its growth.

In April of last year, the German Shakespeare Society celebrated at Weimar the birthday of the poet. It was an international gathering, with guests from many countries, England, France, and Belgium being among those represented. The delegates came together in the best of good fellowship, joined by the common bond of reverence for Shakespeare's genius. They parted in joyous anticipation of their next reunion, appointed for 1916 in the town of Stratford, for the tercentenary of Shakespeare's death. How that dream was shattered a few weeks later we all know. But that dream stood for an ideal too precious to be abandoned—the ideal of an intellectual community of interest that rises above prejudice, and knows no passion save that of devotion to the high concerns of the spirit. One of the privileges of mankind lies in "beholding the bright countenance of truth in the quiet and still air of delightful studies," and it is intolerable to think that this privilege is to be renounced because the fumes of anger have dulled men's higher faculties. For a time, it may well be, such intercourse will be held in abeyance, but it must in the end be resumed, and those who speak the tongues of Shakespeare and of Goethe must come to realize that they cannot do without one another, and that no people on earth can do without them. Let us pray that the day of that realization may be hastened, and "the golden years return." Meanwhile, pending such consummation, we can only say with Othello, "Oh, the pity of it!"

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

THE A. L. A. CONFERENCE.

The thirty-seventh annual conference of the American Library Association, just completed at Berkeley, Cal., has been marked by all the advantages and disadvantages of a convention in an exposition year, near an exposition town. The fair induces a large gathering, but it also distracts. Not all the librarians who registered as delegates spent their time, or most of it, in attendance upon the sessions of the convention. In the election of officers only 87 votes were cast, although the registered attendance was about 700. The absence of a contest partly explains this discrepancy, but not entirely so. The atmosphere of the meeting was perfect. The University of California had opened its hospitable doors to the conference, and not only were

general and sectional meetings held in its well-appointed halls, but a large proportion of the delegates found accommodation in the fraternity and sorority houses, besides those who stayed at the hotels and the few who preferred living in San Francisco.

There were the usual courtesies, of course. The University gave a reception in the unique Hearst gymnasium; the City of Oakland entertained the delegates at a luncheon, and the authorities of Mills College, among the residential hills of that city, opened their fine grounds for a lawn party. The exposition management welcomed the Association with a brass band, behind which its somewhat amused, but very appreciative, members marched to the Court of the Four Seasons, where they received official welcome on a bronze plaque, and the freedom of the fair.

The meeting was noteworthy as being something of a family affair among the members. No outsider, eminent or otherwise, addressed it. Even California's lieutenant-governor, announced on the programme to speak at one of the sessions, was called away to Sacramento by urgent state business. None of the literary stars, of whom California has more than one in her firmament, intruded his presence or extruded his opinions. There were addresses on books and on printing by two New Yorkers not members of the Association—Henry W. Kent, secretary of the Metropolitan Museum, and T. M. Cleland; but these gentlemen spoke as friends of libraries and lovers of books, rather than as outsiders. To make up for the absent statesmen and *littérateurs*, the Association listened to some of the best that its own members were able to furnish. Noteworthy among the papers was a charmingly appreciative critique of modern poetry by Miss May Massee, editor of the Association's "Booklist," in which she showed that poetry is to-day coming into its own, if we are to judge by the increased use and appreciation of it by readers in our public libraries. Mr. Richard R. Bowker, the veteran editor of "The Library Journal," spoke on "The Function of the Public Library," sketching the history of the New York Public Library as a typical example of library development—a choice perhaps not altogether justified, as few institutions can boast of so remarkable, varied, and interesting a history. The tendencies of modern library architecture were sketched, with pictorial illustrations, by Mr. Chalmers Hadley, librarian of the Denver Public Library. The trend of branch library development, according to Mr. Hadley, is now away from the "butterfly type," with its book body and adult and juvenile wings, about which we

used to hear so much, and toward a rectangular one-room arrangement, less formal and more homelike. This is doubtless true, but it should be noted that this arrangement is hardly suited for large city branches, unless the librarian is willing to exclude adults altogether from his ministrations. In such branches we cannot yet do without a separate children's room. For large central buildings the speaker commended a kind of "loft" plan, with few fixed partitions, and division of book-stacks into sections capable of easy expansion and contraction. This type of library is related to those with which we are familiar, somewhat as the Japanese house with its screens is to the familiar American home. It is well exemplified in the new library of Springfield, Mass., and we are likely to see a further extension of it in the Cleveland building, now planning, where the librarian is considering the abandonment of the orthodox stack room, building his floors strong enough to hold book-shelves wherever he may want to place them. Flexibility, however, is not the only desideratum in a library, and we shall probably still continue to see buildings with fixed partitions.

Among the things done by the Association for the improvement of library service throughout the country were the appointment of a committee to cooperate in the expansion of the Decimal System of classification—a step taken with the expressed approval of Dr. Melvil Dewey, the author of the system; the extension of the schedule for uniform statistical reports to cover the activities of college and reference libraries; and the authorization of a printed manual setting forth the general rules, and especially the limitations, under which loans of books between one library and another are carried out.

The election of officers resulted in the choice of Miss Mary W. Plummer for president—the second woman who has held the office. As head of the Pratt Institute Library School, and later of the school established by the New York Public Library, Miss Plummer has long been a conspicuous figure among librarians, and has exercised an undoubted and valuable influence on the progress of libraries in the United States, her pupils occupying librarian-ships or other responsible positions in every state of the union.

The final session witnessed a plea for a more active participation by libraries in pacifist propaganda. The speaker, Mr. George F. Bowerman, librarian of the public library at Washington, D. C., argued that the library, as an essentially peaceful institution, would be only adopting a measure of self-preservation

by stressing the value of peace whenever it could do so in its activities. In the discussion that followed, other members deprecated an attempt to commit libraries in favor of any movement, no matter how righteous, arguing that their non-partisanship is their most valuable asset and that departure from it in one instance might make it difficult for them to resist taking sides in other questions.

An immediate result of this discussion was the dispatch of a message from the Association to President Wilson, conveying its sympathy and expressing confidence that whatever course he might pursue in the present crisis would tend ultimately to the establishment of international peace. While this seems unobjectionable, some members expressed an opinion that the message was capable of interpretation as urging "peace-at-any-price," and regretted its form as an excursion beyond those professional limits which such a body as ours usually, with great propriety, establishes for its actions and pronouncements.

The local and travel arrangements for the convention were carried out with unusual smoothness, the former by a local committee of librarians—the latter by the Association's own travel committee. Most of the eastern delegates proceeded to the conference by special train from Chicago, in an itinerary embracing stops at Denver and Glenwood Springs, Colo., Salt Lake City, Riverside and San Diego, Cal., for the inspection of local libraries and incidental rest and refreshment.

Altogether, the members have concluded that neither the beauties of California's scenery nor the hospitality of her citizens have diminished since their last visit, four years ago.

ARTHUR E. BOSTWICK.

CASUAL COMMENT.

THE CONSOLATIONS OF LITERATURE, like those of philosophy, avail but little against the really serious ills of our mortal lot. Neither literature nor philosophy can bake bread to feed a war-devastated Belgium or Poland, but what little a good book can do to render less intolerable the consciousness of the world's present wretched plight, seems to be appreciated by not a few who are much nearer to the seat of the hideous gangrene than we of the western world. In a letter from Paris to "The Book Monthly," of London, Mr. James Milne says, among other interesting things; "Nearly every Frenchman who writes is at the war, or doing something for it other than writing. Bookshops which were closed when the Germans threatened Paris, have gradually

re-opened and are doing some trade, but not very much. . . The Frenchmen and Frenchwomen who must read, because reading is part of his or her nature, are turning to the old masters, to the classics, the old familiar faces in print. They are reading Molière, and Mirabeau, and Victor Hugo, and all the great ornaments of their literature, including that living master, Anatole France. They are reading for inspiration, of which they are themselves full, and they are reading for the consolation which a trusty book is in an hour when somebody has lost somebody near and dear. They are essentially a literary people, the French, full of all the charm which we associate with the pretty page of a good book, so scholarly in their knowledge, so adept at using it, so logical and clear in their style of writing and their manner of reading. They combine poesy with pure reason, and the sun shines through both with a quality which is alike clarifying and warming." From another source of information, the reports of the municipal lending libraries, it is learned that Paris is reading many more books than it read a year ago, even though its population has been diminished by several hundred thousand persons. In the first four months of this year the libraries circulated more than thirteen thousand volumes in excess of the circulation for the same period last year; and the quality of the reading is reported to be as creditable as the quantity. If the war is thus really turning the people, or even a small fraction of the people, back to the best things and the serious things in literature, it is accomplishing at least a grain of good to help offset the mountain of evil.

...

AN ARRESTED AUCTION SALE OF VALUABLE AUTOGRAPHS and other kindred matter is one of the recent events of interest to collectors of literary rarities. The lately discovered "Weare Papers," lost for a century and comprising a wealth of historical material of great value, were to have passed under the hammer—a part of them, at least—in Philadelphia early this month; but an injunction stopped the sale, the proper ownership of the papers being in dispute. As is already known to many, the Weare collection takes its name from Meshech Weare, first governor of New Hampshire after the Revolution, and it is upon the early history of that State that these documents will be found to throw such light as probably to make necessary the re-writing of that history. As Americana of inestimable worth, their sale at auction would have realized a very pretty fortune for the person or persons now claiming their ownership. So

far as has yet been determined, the papers seem to have come not quite regularly or legally into the possession of Jacob C. Moore, an early historian of New Hampshire, associated with John Farmer in the compilation of Farmer and Moore's "Historical Collections," and this Moore left the material to his son of the same name, who in turn bequeathed it to a kinsman, Mr. Frank C. Moore, of Brooklyn, in whose possession a part of it was not long ago discovered by persons interested in such researches. Another portion seems to be held by another of the original Moore's descendants in Montclair, N. J., though how the division came about, and who is the rightful owner of the whole treasure, does not yet appear. To stimulate further curiosity as to this collection of rarities, not by any means to satisfy it, let it be noted that it contains, for instance, a deposition before Governor Bradford and John Alden of New Plymouth, with the rare signatures of the Mayflower passengers; twenty-nine autograph letters of Washington; Governor Wentworth's proclamation of a day of thanksgiving for the capture of Quebec, dated November 4, 1759; and a copy of the first publication of the Declaration of Independence in New Hampshire. The New Hampshire Attorney-General's attempt to recover possession of these precious papers is most natural, and the disinterested outsider must hope that he will succeed.

...

A NEW DEVELOPMENT IN COÖPERATIVE CATALOGUING, a branch of library work for which the Library of Congress has of late years done so much by its issue of standard cards ready for insertion in the card-catalogue, comes to public notice in an announcement that appears in "The Wilson Bulletin" of recent date. This is, in brief, to the effect that the H. W. Wilson Company, of White Plains, N. Y., has added to its various publications now familiar to most librarians a form of catalogue that can be used by almost any American public library, and is "practically the fulfilment of Professor Jewett's idea of a general catalogue of all the books of the country." In this undertaking "the work of cataloguing each title is done once for all and the entry preserved by means of the modern linotype slug. Each of these slugs contains a line of type in permanent form, and these slugs can be assembled and reassembled an infinite number of times and in any form desired. Stock catalogues are issued from time to time, in standard editions of varying sizes, and the library may purchase as many copies as desired of the edition corresponding most closely to its needs, checking in them if

desirable the titles which the library has. It is also possible for a library to have its own catalogue, by merely checking in one of the stock editions the titles desired and sending it in. The proper slugs can be withdrawn from their places in the central body of the type, assembled, and if other titles are to be added, slugs for these can be prepared from copy furnished by the library, the whole assembled in proper order and the desired number of copies struck off, after which the slugs are returned to their proper places." A manifest saving of time and money is thus effected, and one is spared the necessity of doing laboriously what already has been done, or is being done, or will be done, hundreds of times, by others.

...

THE PATH TO PERFECTION, as someone has said, leads through a series of disgusts. With Bronson Alcott one of these disgusts took the form of distaste for animal food; or so he tried to persuade himself and the world when he sought refuge at Fruitlands from the carnal allurements of beef, pork, mutton, poultry, and fish. The story of that short-lived colony of vegetarians striving to attain to high thinking by plain living and hard manual labor is agreeably told by its founder and some of his associates in "Bronson Alcott's Fruitlands" (noticed more fully on another page), a book that offers many amusing or more seriously interesting passages for quotation. Here, for example, is a sketch of the method by which mortal frailty and error are to be combated: "On a revision of our proceedings it would seem, that if we were in the right course in our particular instance, the greater part of man's duty consists in leaving alone much that he is in the habit of doing. It is a fasting from the present activity, rather than an increased indulgence in it, which, with patient watchfulness, tends to newness of life. 'Shall I sip tea or coffee?' the inquiry may be. No; abstain from all ardent, as from alcoholic drinks. 'Shall I consume pork, beef, or mutton?' Not if you value health or life. 'Shall I stimulate with milk?' No. 'Shall I warm my bathing water?' Not if cheerfulness is valuable. 'Shall I clothe in many garments?' Not if purity is aimed at. 'Shall I prolong my hours, consuming animal oil and losing bright daylight in the morning?' Not if a clear mind is an object. 'Shall I teach my children the dogmas inflicted on myself, under the pretence that I am transmitting truth?' Nay, if you love them intrude not these between them and the Spirit of all Truth." And more questions of like sort, with the

same negative answer. "Be not so active to do, as sincere to be." The charms of the simple life have been glowingly depicted by many writers since Alcott's time, but those unsuccessful attempts, at Brook Farm and Fruitlands, to perpetuate that life, still retain their interest and their pathos for us of to-day.

...

ANOTHER WORD ABOUT THE WIDENER LIBRARY, a subject of unfailing interest to book-lovers and book-collectors, comes to our attention in "The Harvard Crimson," from the pen of an unnamed librarian of prominence. Apropos of the approaching dedication of the new Harvard library building he writes: "In the centre of the new building will be two rooms in which his [Widener's] own collection of rare books will be kept. Widener began to buy books while in college, and very soon became interested in the first editions of the English writers whom he read. He was especially fond of Stevenson, and the collection of Stevenson's works became Widener's especial hobby. He had secured nearly every one of the Stevenson rarities, and a few others which his mother has since purchased for the collection make this by far the most complete in existence. His first editions of Dickens, Thackeray, Tennyson, and other nineteenth-century authors were nearly as complete, and a large number of his volumes had autograph inscriptions of the writers. . . He had a good many of the famous books of English literature written in the earlier centuries. Caxton's 'Royal Book,' the four Shakespeare folios, Ben Jonson's works, Beaumont and Fletcher, Florio's Montaigne, and Defoe's 'Robinson Crusoe' are a few of the more famous of these volumes which will be placed on exhibition next fall." The loss sustained by young Mr. Widener's growing collection in the sinking of the "Titanic," which at the same time cut short the life of the collector himself, is a disaster still fresh in memory.

...

THE ASCETICISM OF ART, the necessity of forgoing material satisfactions if one would depict with insight and power, whether with brush or pen, some aspect of life as the idealist sees it, is an ancient but an ever-fruitful theme. Dr. Earl Barnes contributes to "The Popular Science Monthly" for June an article on "The Celibate Women of To-day," in which he essays some adequate answer to the question, "Why do so many women elect to walk through life alone?" In recounting the compensations of celibacy he takes occasion to say, aptly and well: "Our real living is never in the mere possession and use of things, but

in what we think and feel about them. Lower animals live in facts; man lives in his ideas and ideals. All life's values must be found on the way; when we arrive we are always in danger of becoming unconscious and so losing what we came to get. This is why art and literature have always had to find their characters in the struggling classes, the poor and the rich. The smug middle classes and the comfortably rich have the facts of existence; but they do not know it. The universal contempt of those who know for such unconscious living finds expression in the terms bourgeoisie, philistines, and bromides. On the other hand, struggling and self-conscious groups always attract and interest us. Bohemia is poor; it lacks the facts of property; but it has the most alluring of all festivals and immortal banquets. Who, that has a soul as well as a stomach, would not turn from a banquet of facts at twenty dollars a plate, with dull unconsciousness of life in the people, to a group of dreamers and wits with very modest fare, and twenty-dollar talk at table? . . . The poet Dante illustrates in his own life the relative value of facts and dreams, of living life directly and living it vicariously, to a singular degree." All this, with more in the same vein, is everlastingly true, and no wise person would have it otherwise; although at times, in the unreasoning hunger that will occasionally assail even the best of us, it is a little dismaying to reflect that by no possibility can we continue to have our cake if we insist upon eating it.

. . .

SEVENTEEN SELECTED CANDIDATES FOR THE HALL OF FAME of New York University are announced by Chancellor Emeritus MacCracken, chairman of the Hall of Fame Committee. More than two hundred names were sent in by that portion of the public interested in this quinquennial ceremony, and from this number the hundred electors appointed for the purpose chose seventeen, which it will be their further duty to reduce to five next September, there being but five tablets available every five years for perpetuating the fame of illustrious Americans. In the preliminary list place has been found for but one author, and even he might, through some unwisdom in the ultimate selection, be cast out. Here is the list, which will not be new to all readers: Francis Parkman, author; Mark Hopkins, educator; Alice Freeman Palmer, teacher; Horace Bushnell, preacher and theologian; Joseph Henry, Benjamin Thompson, and Louis Agassiz, scientists; George Rogers Clark, Nathaniel Greene, and

Thomas J. Jackson, soldiers; Rufus Choate and Thomas McIntyre Cooley, jurists; Samuel Adams, Patrick Henry, John Jay, and Alexander Hamilton, statesmen; Charlotte Saunders Cushman, actress.

COMMUNICATIONS.

THE GROWTH OF THE WHITMAN "LEGEND." (To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

A few evenings ago I attended the annual banquet of the Walt Whitman Fellowship of Chicago, held upon the anniversary of the poet's birth, May 31. The Fellowship is not an "organization," and its banquets are projected and carried out with as few formalities as possible. If you are a "kindred spirit" you are welcome. Upon the occasion referred to something like 350 men and women falling, suppositiously, in this classification, sat down to the banquet. It is manifestly improper to allude to anything Whitmanic as a "function"; so it may be said that these affairs, originally very limited in scope, have within the past few years assumed quite imposing proportions.

There was an extremely interesting programme. The list of speakers included numerous well-known names, and Walt was "considered" in various aspects by varicous devotees. Also, poems were read or recited which were offered as typical products of the "new poetry," whose pedigree—it need not be inquired too closely how—was asserted to trace back, in the direct line of descent, to the Camden bard.

Listening attentively to everything that was presented, I could not but marvel at the rapid growth of the Whitman "legend." While Walt died as lately as 1892—but twenty-three years ago,—it is apparent that the day is not far distant when he will assume an aspect almost mythical. That the number of Whitman "fans" is steadily increasing is evident; but that their conception of the poet is as nebulous as was the classical conception of Homer, the banquet made plain. In no other way can their enthusiastic acceptance of and applause for the most grotesque assertions about him be explained.

If Walt's own word is good for anything, he sought to inculcate nothing so much as tolerance. "There is room for everything in the Leaves," he said. And when somebody asked him, "Even for Matthew Arnold?" (who was almost his greatest aversion among his own contemporaries) he returned: "Yes—even for him!" But, listening to the "interpreters" who held forth from the speakers' table, I gathered an overwhelming impression of the most fanatical intolerance. Broad-sides were poured upon all sorts of hated objects, literary, social, human and divine. The vocabulary of oburgation and contempt was ransacked for the strongest epithets, and the stream of denunciation foamed and lashed about every obstacle in its path. And draping it all was what I have previously referred to—a series of depictions of

the poet himself, as distinguished from his ideas and his influence, that was so compendiously unvarnished as to make anyone who really knew the facts stare in undisguised amazement.

While not occupying the chief position upon the list of speakers, undoubtedly the most eagerly anticipated orator of the evening was a gentleman with a wide reputation as an advocate of "the new freedom" in what might be termed its most ultra phases. Gifted with a voice of plangent resonance and with marked forensic ability, and throwing himself ardently into his subject, he delivered a discourse that enraptured the vast majority of his auditors. That it did not particularly enrapture me was, I suppose, because it presented to me a Whitman that I failed to recognize; for the speaker seemed to possess almost encyclopædic ignorance of Whitman the man and of the forces and the environment that produced him.

Among his statements, for instance, were these: That Whitman was born in poverty, never went to school in his life, was almost wholly without means of literary culture; that his career was one unbroken struggle against want and discouragement; and that he "died in a hovel, in poverty and despair." The facts are that the family into which Walt was born was not poverty-stricken; that Walt himself enjoyed more "schooling" than did many another young American of his time belonging to the social stratum of which he was a part; that he began work in a newspaper office while in his early teens and for years remained a member of the "fourth estate"; that he was also a school-teacher for a number of years as a young man; that his early literary efforts were accepted and published in what were then the leading journals of the metropolis, and some of them appeared in book form; that he was at this period a frequenter of the theatre, the opera, and the libraries, and came into contact with a majority of the "literati" and the "intellectuals" best worth knowing; sported a silk hat, a boutonnière, a cane, and affected the appearance and the habits of the carpet knight rather than the shirt-sleeved protagonist of the "open road."

Furthermore, we know that later on he for a considerable time enjoyed a government clerkship at Washington which left him much of his time to dispose of as he pleased; that, from the date of the appearance of "Leaves of Grass," while he had a hard fight for recognition as a poet, he was nevertheless never without prominent advocates, eulogists, and "promoters"; that a constantly growing band of enthusiasts gathered around him, with unfailing support, both pecuniary and moral; that edition after edition of his poems was printed and bought, and that individual pieces appeared in many of the leading magazines and newspapers, while he was also called upon to compose and deliver special effusions at notable public gatherings and celebrations; that he had a strong following overseas, and that within his own lifetime the translation of the "Leaves" into foreign languages was being taken up. Finally, we know that during all his last years a group of the most

devoted friends gravitated around him; that all his wants were sedulously fulfilled; that he had the best medical attendance procurable; that he had a nurse and a housekeeper to care for him; that he lived in a house that was his own property and for years had been; that he was buried in a mausoleum which he had himself caused to be constructed for the Whitman family, at a cost, I find it stated, of some \$4000; and that his executors, "much to their surprise," found, upon his death, that he had a balance of several thousands of dollars to his credit in a local bank.

The orator to whom I refer was either ignorant of these facts, or else, for purposes best known to himself, he not merely ignored but perverted them in order to draw a picture of a persecuted man, upon whom no ray of sunshine ever fell and who died a pauper in the blackest woe. At the same time, this orator declared in accents that made the chandeliers vibrate, that the purpose of his remarks was to elucidate the sacred cause to which Whitman devoted himself and all his works—the exposition of the Truth, with a capital T!

"What is truth?" said an historic inquisitor ages ago, when in doubt regarding an Immortal Personage. None of us can be too certain. But Walt, we may take it as assured, is destined to be one of our immortals, and the facts about him are on record. That is, some of them are—there are others which, for reasons of his own, he chose carefully to suppress. Perhaps what we do not know and never can—notably, of the "veiled period"—would be of great help to us in our efforts to unriddle the enigma that, in many ways, he presents to us. But what we do know is easily ascertainable, for there is a whole library of the "documents in the case."

Walt himself, with his unique insight into so many of the peculiarities of what he was fond of referring to as the human "critter," had a premonition that it would be wise for him to avoid identifying himself with clubs, fellowships, et cetera, whose avowed purpose was the dissemination of his doctrines. Some clairvoyance seemed to warn him, and he steadily refused to give them his personal sanction. He had, to be sure, his own little private *cénacle*, whose incense he found very grateful; but the spectacle of the Browning and Shakespeare societies caused him resolutely to keep within its confines. He preferred to "leave it to the Leaves,"—in which he was not mistaken. At the banquet, however, the "Leaves" were not conspicuous. Only one of the speakers incorporated any of them into his or her discourse; and the table in the anteroom where they were on sale seemed unattractive to most of the banqueters.

We may say confidently of Walt, however, that, while he chose to maintain an almost sphinx-like reticence regarding certain phases of his career, those which he did desire recorded he wished set down with complete veracity. Only recently I have completed my reading of the third and latest volume of Horace Traubel's bulky series, "With Walt Whitman in Camden," and all are replete with injunctions to alter, expurgate, suppress, or

vener absolutely nothing. Nevertheless, the evidence is that Walt's "legend" is growing like some tropical parasite, that within no very long time it will so obscure his true proportions as to render them imperceptible save to the student and the historian. Creeping all over the surface of this colossal rough-hewn monolith will be an insidious growth of "interpretative" fable and falsification effectually hiding the reality from view—not only hiding, but defacing and defiling it. That, during his lifetime, he was the victim of much misapprehension and misinterpretation is a commonplace of Whitman history—in which, however, he differed not at all from a host of other great poets and innovators. That his posthumous fate will be similar, in degree if not in kind, there is every reason to believe.

JOHN L. HERVEY.

Chicago, June 14, 1915.

THE WISCONSIN UNIVERSITY SURVEY.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

The article in your current issue entitled "A Bull in the Educational China Shop" is entertaining. Will your readers care to have three or four facts which will help furnish a frame into which to fit permanently your picture of the University of Wisconsin survey?

The questions of which you speak as harassing were submitted to the faculty after conference with university officers. Including space for answers, they took 39, not 50 pages. Of them the president wrote: "These questions will give an opportunity to the members of the faculty to present their cases fairly."

You quote the following statement: "The survey of the graduate school has been mainly directed to its clothes rather than to the living being beneath the clothes." The survey of the graduate school and graduate work showed the following: Flaunting plagiarism; slovenly workmanship and unscholarly writing; lack of originality; lack of purpose and application; lack of opportunities for specialization; presence of graduate students in freshman and sophomore classes, including nine students who were doing exclusively freshman and sophomore work; inability of candidates for a Ph.D. degree to read foreign languages on November 1 coupled with certification of their ability to read foreign languages a fortnight later; lack of plan for research; failure of many departments to develop *in absentia* graduate work; the fact that of 389 students enrolled as graduate students 163 had faculty connection; that of these 389 only 50 were doing exclusively graduate work and that of these 50, 34 had faculty connection; lack of supervision; specific instances of graduate work that was of grammar school grade, high school grade, freshman and junior grade; the fact that a master's degree is given by several departments merely for a fifth year of study without specialization; the university's endorsement of Ph.D. theses after glaring defects had been pointed out by the survey. If these are the "clothes," what

is the "living being beneath the clothes" in the graduate school?

The plagiarism of one thesis is admitted by the university on page 356 of the report.

Of a second thesis, the fact that it was "approved by the editor of the series in which it was published" is cited as contributing evidence of its quality. The university comment did not state to the educational world that the editor in question is also the member of the faculty who approved the thesis and who also was joint author.

Of a third thesis, Professor Hanus of Harvard wrote: "It is not a strong presentation. On a scale of 10 I should mark the thesis 6½, it being understood that a thesis graded 5 or below would not be accepted." Of this same thesis a Columbia professor wrote: "I should not accept it with its present organization." Both letters were written to the university, page 357.

In support of the quality of work done by a fourth thesis writer, who specialized in experimental psychology and education, it is stated on page 357 that he "now occupies an honorable post in an eastern university." The "eastern" is Ohio, and the "university" is an institution that is not considered a university by readers of THE DIAL, or by the Carnegie Foundation, or by the Ohio legislature. The work of this specialist in education is minor extension work.

Of a fifth thesis, page 358, Professor Reeves of Michigan wrote to the university: "6 being failure and 10 excellent I should rank the thesis not over 7." Professor Jenks of New York University would have accepted this thesis, "with, however, the condition that it be rewritten."

Of a sixth thesis, it is admitted that one chapter was taken bodily from an English work. This chapter is said by the university to be an "annex," although it is the next to the last chapter, with nothing whatever to indicate that it is not an important and integral part of the thesis. The university world was not told that the conclusions in this thesis and the greater part of the work appeared in a thesis accepted by the University of Paris in 1876.

In defence of a seventh thesis, the university comment, page 355, says that if the material collected and used by the author "existed for any similar period of mediæval history, it would be deemed worthy of publication in critical editions." The university world again was not told that the period for which this material was collected was the Reconstruction period after the Civil War, and that it consists of 35 letters from southern farmers. There is evidence of the use of only a small part of even this very small amount of material. What the farmers were asked, whether they wrote that they had no time to answer, or could not remember, or whether they wrote facts worth while, was not recorded. The other materials upon which this thesis is based have been culled over for the most part by several other writers. If American scholarship were to be gauged by this quality and quantity of work, no one would be attributing the revival of learning to the introduction of research methods.

Will your readers also wish to know some of the 37 things which "the dean of the graduate school of the much lauded University of Wisconsin is not expected to do"? First, will you permit me to quote the statement from my report to the effect that these facts were not cited as evidence of incompetence or negligence of that officer, as you said? On the contrary, my report reads, page 163: "The above list is given not to raise question as to whether the dean is doing all that may reasonably be expected of his office, but whether the university at present is expecting enough of the deanship of the graduate school." Who of THE DIAL's readers needs to have evidence presented that it is not "desirable or practical to do any one" of the following among the 37?

- 1—To have or act upon, further than through private conference, knowledge as to efficiency or inefficiency of instruction in classes attended by graduate students. (No. 11, page 161.)
- 2—To supervise research by graduate students or to have current evidence that research is being supervised or how far it has progressed. (No. 12.)
- 3—To read theses offered toward advanced degrees for any other purpose than to see that they fulfill the mechanical requirements as to form. (No. 15.)
- 4—To require an examiner appointed by the dean to participate in an examination for a doctor's degree to read the thesis offered. (No. 16.)
- 5—To have information at the dean's office as well as in the departmental offices as to qualifications of graduate fellows. (No. 25.)
- 6—To have any record of examinations for master's and doctor's degrees except the examiner's certificate that the candidate has or has not been recommended.

Will your readers wish to know the statement which drove the university to vernacular and to furnish the epitaph for the surveyor's mausoleum? The statement which is called "rot" is this: "So long as 183 different standards, unchecked and unsupervised administratively are employed . . . in judging students' work . . . the testing of work cannot be well enough done." Will you invite readers of THE DIAL to write you in case they do not find this statement rot? If it is rot, then a very large number of the faculty are guilty of writing rot because they wrote to the survey protesting against present conditions where work that is graded "failed" in one class would be called "fair" in another.

One other illustration may help your readers. You state that "so ignorant is Dr. Allen of the meaning of numbers that he converts a cold statistical statement that class-markings follow the law of distribution of averages into a deliberate intention on the part of the instructor to repress talent." As stated on pages 484-485, the purpose of the bulletin on class markings is "to convince high school teachers that year in and year out with students as they come proper marking will

result in 2% excellent, 2% failed, 23% good, 23% poor and 50% fair." After showing that this statement did not apply to the university, that the principle was not at work at the university, the survey listed certain defects, page 485—*inter alia*. "Where attention of supervisors should be directed to quality of instruction this bulletin directs it to distribution of marks." "The application of this principle is not only unfair to individual children but inhibits where the university should stimulate the determination of teachers to produce excellent results out of seemingly difficult or even seemingly hopeless material." "It leaves no hope that a whole class may be brought nearer a standard of excellence than was ever done before." "Interest is diverted from the work the child does to the marks other children have received." Instead of convincing a teacher that the percentage of failures or poors in her subject should disappear as the quality of her teaching improves and the size of her classes decreases, the bulletin declares, page 10: "If the teacher has to do only with small classes the results of several years' marking, or of several classes in the same subject in the same year, should, when put together, be similar to the marks of a larger group given at one time."

Finally, your readers may wish to know that although the survey set out to be coöperative, although every statement was sent to the university for confirmation or conference so as to secure agreement as to fact, and although agreement was easily reached with respect to early sections until the university discontinued conference with the survey, the following changes were made after I left the state without submitting them to the board of public affairs, or the university regents, or the advisory committee or to me: Sections publicly agreed to by the university last October are now excoriated. Ninety-eight times my name is used in the first five pages, and 259 times in the first 25 pages of the university comment. Sections clearly marked as written by others are first called mine and then personally attacked. One important section written by a former faculty member who had been for several years in the division which he reported upon, was never shown to me, was written by arrangement with the dean, and yet now for publicity purposes is first called mine and then bitterly criticized with such expressions as "unsympathetic," "desire to injure," "grossly unfair," etc.

Will American scholars who do not accept plagiarized theses, who do not assign work for graduate students that can be done by a clerk who has never gone to high school, who do not approve warmed-over, long-winded, disorganized lectures, who are incapable of telling untruth or of intimidating truth, accept *ex parte* criticism of a work in which 600 faculty members joined, or will the 600 be given a chance to tell their story as they have told it in the survey report?

WILLIAM H. ALLEN,
Joint Director, University
of Wisconsin Survey.

Madison, Wis., June 17, 1915.

The New Books.

A GREAT AMERICAN NATURALIST.*

A number of years ago, one of the Wright brothers was making an aeroplane at Dayton, Ohio, when an old man, a neighbor, stopped to remonstrate with him. "What a pity it is," he said, "that a clever young fellow like you should so waste his time and money." Mr. Wright pled, in self-defence, that he really expected to get practical results, when his old friend interrupted, and in solemn tones admonished him: "Young man, let me tell you this: if anyone ever makes a flying machine that will fly, it will not be anybody in Dayton!"

The Americans are often accused of being a boastful people, who like to hear their eagle scream; but a close student of our history may find evidences of an excess of humility which has been positively harmful. Quite in the spirit of the old man of Dayton, we have been slow to recognize scientific ability, not merely in its incipient stages, but even after the work has proved its worth. Thus it happens that the name of Baird, a truly great man judged by the quality and quantity of his accomplishments, is practically unknown outside of a comparatively small scientific circle. Student and teacher at Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa., he was gratefully remembered by his old pupils and associates; but a recent graduate of that institution assured the reviewer that he had never heard the name of the naturalist. He was the creator of the U. S. National Museum; yet the visitor to Washington finds neither statue nor inscription on the grounds to commemorate his work. At Woods Hole, Mass., where he founded a great laboratory for the study of marine life, and where he died in 1887, there is indeed an appropriate tablet on a large granite boulder; while more recently a bust of Baird was placed in the American Museum in New York City.

Agassiz and Baird belong to the same general period, and were variously associated in much of their work. Yet why is it that Agassiz is everywhere remembered, while Baird is forgotten or was never generally known? In many respects their labors ran parallel: each founded and developed a great natural history museum, each published great contributions to American zoölogy, each inspired and taught numerous young men who have since continued the work they began.

When we compare the results item by item, it is impossible to give Baird a second place. Agassiz came with a great European reputation, was a fascinating and picturesque character; Baird was a plain American, hard-working and modest. It is impossible to resist the appeal which Agassiz makes to the imagination, and we would grudge him none of his fame; but after all, Baird deserves a much better place in the minds of his countrymen than he has ever held. Individually and as a nation we need to cultivate a better appreciation of good work done in unsensational ways, and a readier recognition of native American talent.

After the death of Professor Baird plans were made for the preparation of a biography, but for various reasons the work was delayed until it seemed in danger of being abandoned. Baird's daughter, Miss Lucy Baird, was keenly interested in the project, and had accumulated much valuable material, but her death in 1913 left everything unfinished. Miss Baird did, however, leave instructions to her executor to see the memoir completed if possible; and fortunately at this juncture Dr. W. H. Dall, on being appealed to, consented to undertake the work. Dr. Dall of the U. S. National Museum, eminent as a naturalist and keenly appreciative of Baird's character and labors, having worked under Baird for many years, was in every respect the most suitable person to write the book. More than occupied with his own important researches, for the completion of which even the long life we all wish him must be wholly inadequate, it was no small thing to turn aside and undertake the preparation of a voluminous biography. Yet it was abundantly worth while, and we cannot be sufficiently grateful that the record has been made in an adequate manner, before it was altogether too late.

Dr. Dall has not attempted any elaborate or complete analysis of Baird's scientific work, which stands as published, and can be reviewed in detail at any subsequent time. He has rather chosen to present to us the man himself, the manner of his life, his friendships and ideals, the growth of his personality, and all those intimate things which if not told by those who knew him, could scarcely be known to posterity. Perhaps the strongest impression we get is that of wonder at Baird's early maturity, his surprising ability as a zoölogist when little more than a boy. This was well understood by his associates, and by the various eminent naturalists of the day with whom he became acquainted. Thus, at the age of seventeen, he discovered a new

* SPENCER FULLERTON BAIRD. A Biography. By William Healey Dall, D.Sc. Illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

bird, and wrote to the celebrated ornithologist Audubon:

"You see, sir, that I have taken (after much hesitation) the liberty of writing to you. I am but a boy and very inexperienced, as you no doubt will observe from my description of the Flycatcher. My brother last year commenced the study of our Birds, and after some months I joined him. He has gone elsewhere to settle and I am left alone."

To which Audubon replied:

"On my return home from Charleston, S. C., yesterday, I found your kind favor of the 4th instant in which you have the goodness to inform me that you have discovered a new species of flycatcher, and which, if the bird corresponds to your description, is, indeed, likely to prove itself hitherto undescribed, for, although you speak of yourself as being a youth, your style and the descriptions you have sent me prove to me that an old head may from time to time be found on young shoulders!"

The bird proved new, and was subsequently published by the brothers Baird.

In 1846 Baird married Miss Mary Churchill, who, though herself no naturalist, sympathetically supported all his endeavors. An old servant who was with Baird for nearly forty years was able to say that he never saw either one angry. In illustration of her mother's kindly tolerance and her father's sense of the value of time, Miss Lucy Baird set down the following story, as she got it from Mrs. Baird herself:

"At the time of his courting, he was exceedingly busy with his college work and also studying very hard. After he became engaged, he was anxious of course to spend his evenings with his fiancée and yet did not feel that he could take all that time from his studies; so he fell into the habit of taking a book with him in order that he might carry on his studies and still have the pleasure of sitting in the room with her. Being an early riser and often taking long walks with his class, making collections, my father would be apt to get drowsy towards the end of the evening and was apt towards its close to fall asleep over his book; so when the hour arrived at which my mother knew he expected to leave, she would wake him up and send him home."

Baird himself, in a letter to Professor Dana, thus describes his wife in 1850:

"My wife is a daughter of Gen. Churchill, Inspector-General of the Army, and a first-rate one she is, too. Not the least fear of snakes, salamanders, and such other zoölogical interestings; cats only are to her an aversion. Well educated and acquainted with several tongues, she usually reads over all my letters, crossing i's and dotting t's, sticking in here a period, and there a comma . . . In my absence, she answers letters of correspondents, and in my presence reads them. She transcribes my illegible MSS., correcting it withal, and does not grudge the money I spend in books. In addition to these literary accomplishments, she

regulates her family well (myself included) and her daughter is the cleanest and most neatly dressed child in town."

The daughter, Lucy, then about twenty-three months old, was "passionately fond of Natural History, admiring snakes above all things."

How Baird, beginning as curator to the Smithsonian Institution, built up the U. S. National Museum, and did many other things in the service of science and of his country, must be gathered from the book itself; which, while it chronicles Baird's life, is necessarily also to a large extent a history of the progress of American zoölogy during a large part of the nineteenth century.

T. D. A. COCKERELL.

THE "MOVIES" OLD AND NEW.*

During the World's Columbian Exposition of 1893, Edison's Kinetoscope, a contrivance for showing photographs in motion to one person only for about thirty seconds at a time, was displayed to the public. Three years later, Sir Augustus Harris installed Robert Paul's "Theatrograph" at Olympia, a machine fundamentally the same as the Bioscope of to-day. Contemporaneously with Mr. Paul's efforts, French inventors were developing the Cinematograph, a machine which was installed at the Eden Musée, New York, during the autumn of 1896.

Only nineteen years have passed, therefore, since the theatrical début of the motion picture; yet to-day the business of purveying motion pictures theatrically to the American people is computed to be the fifth largest industry in the United States. Nearly a million people of all ages and of both sexes attend daily the moving-picture theatres of Greater New York alone, the attendance throughout the other cities of the country being proportionally universal and no hamlet too small to be the home of a "movie" theatre. Indeed, the motion-picture play,—or the photoplay, as it is technically called,—far more than the stage play, has become the amusement of the nation. Beside the circulation of a photoplay that of a "best seller," or even that of a popular ten cent magazine, becomes insignificant.

Surely, such a power for good or evil should not be scorned by those having the welfare of the people at heart. Better would it be to exclaim: "I care not who makes the laws of the nation, if I may write its 'movie' plays!" Indeed, the photoplay offers to the writer his widest means of artistic expression.

* PHOTOPLAY MAKING. A Handbook Devoted to the Application of Dramatic Principles to the Writing of Plays for Picture Production. By Howard T. Dinick. Ridgewood, N. J.: The Editor Co.

To the word "artistic," exception will doubtless be taken by those who are in the habit of deriding the "movies" as vulgar clap-trap, too crude and garish to be considered artistic; yet these scoffers seldom, if ever, attend "movie" performances and therefore know little of the possibilities of this new form of theatrical art. Scarcely eighteen years old, it is only within the last five years,—it might almost be said within the past year,—that the photoplay has been developed into the multiple reel play, or the feature film, so-called. Previously the slapstick farce, or the crude melodrama in a single reel, was the offering. Now the filmed novel or stage play, presented by actors of established reputation, has relegated the one-reel film to the second class theatre, and raised the price of admission in the better class of "movie" playhouses from five and ten cents to twenty-five and fifty cents,—even in some instances to regular theatrical prices. This raising of the price has raised the standard of production, the public naturally being unwilling to pay fifty cents for the former five cents' worth. As in the case of the regular stage, the managers seek plays that will appeal to the public, for without popular plays the "movie" industry would cease. Prior to the advent of the photoplay, thousands wrote for the regular stage, while only tens succeeded in getting their plays produced. Tens of thousands write for the movies now, and again it is a case of the survival of the fittest, the man without the dramatic sense having no more chance to succeed as a "movie" playwright—save in that the volume of production is infinitely greater—than he had as a writer for the regular stage.

With such a bait to dangle before the eyes of literary aspirants as the sure attainment of successful "movie" authorship, the correspondence schools, manuscript readers, and literary advisers have been reaping a rich harvest. Small wonder that a considerable literature upon the art of writing photoplays has sprung into being, with the object of appealing to the legion of men, women, and children who aspire to get rich quickly in the "movies."

One of our comic weeklies recently published a quip to this effect: "Jones.—I understand Robinson is making a good living out of the short story. Brown.—Why, I heard he had never had one accepted. Jones.—He hasn't; he's writing articles on how to write them for a correspondence school." If the word "photoplay" be substituted here for "short story," Robinson becomes the type of man who gives instruction in the art of photo-

play making, those who are deft in that art being too busily engaged in reaping the rich harvest their skill has brought forth, to find the time in which to initiate the public into the secret of their success. Yet to the rule that books on the "movies" are valueless, there is the proverbial exception; since in "Photoplay Making," by Mr. Howard T. Dimick, many sane ideas are set forth, albeit in a somewhat cumbersome way.

"From the drama of the stage," says Mr. Dimick, "I turned to that of the screen, after an experience as writer and critic of plays." As no record of his experience appears in that *vade-mecum* of successful endeavor, "Who's Who in America," and as his book is published in Ridgewood, New Jersey, it is easy to suspect Mr. Dimick of kinship with the Robinson of the comic weekly quip. Howsoever that may be, he has profited well by his experience as "writer and critic of plays," the real value of his book lying in the emphasis he lays upon the similarity between the photoplay and the stage play. Indeed, fundamentally they are the same, their construction being governed by precisely the same laws; for though the technical methods of the two arts may differ considerably, "yet," as Mr. Dimick acutely observes, "the underlying dramatic principles of both forms of theatrical exposition are identical."

The stage play appeals to the ear as well as to the eye; therefore conditions that are supposed to exist before the commencement of a play may be set forth by dialogue. In the photoplay these conditions must be shown in action; but in the construction of his play the photoplaywright (if one may be pardoned the use of the word) is bound by the same dramatic laws as govern his colleague of the regular stage. The dramatic action in both instances must be logical, and must proceed from understandable causes to effects that seem so inevitable that they appeal spontaneously either to our sympathy or our risibility. Indeed, unity, sequence, cause and effect are as necessary in the one as in the other, and also atmosphere and characterization. The stage dramatist has the benefit of dialogue, but is hampered by the restrictions which stage appliances impose. The photodramatist, on the other hand, is unlimited scenically; but is limited in utterance to the sub-titles and spoken titles he may flash on the screen. These, however, must be used sparingly, the ideal photoplay being understandable, like the ideal pantomime, without a single explanatory word.

Sir Arthur Wing Pinero calls drama "the art of compressing life without falsification,"

—an apt definition which Mr. Dimick pertinently qualifies in so far as it relates to photodrama. "The complete play," he says, "is not in its ultimate analysis a 'mere screenful' of life. It is—or should be—'a screenful' of art with the likeness of life."

The task of the photo-dramatist, however, is far less arduous than that of the stage dramatist. In both instances dramatic sense is required, but the stage dramatist must possess literary sense as well. Although both must think dramatically, the dramatist who writes stage plays must clothe his thoughts in language that will characterize not only the persons in his play, so that they appear real, but must unfold the story in a way that the audience may both understand and enjoy. It is this literary aspect of the stage drama which makes it the superior art, for in other respects photoplay making and stage play making are governed by the same fundamental laws, the play in both instances being constructed in practically the same way through the preparation of a scene plot or scenario.

This word, which calls to mind the Italian *Commedia dell'Arte*, recalls also the striking resemblance this popular entertainment of the renaissance bears in several particulars to the photo-drama of the present day, not only in its construction, but in the manner of its production. Indeed, it might almost be said that were the camera work eliminated, the photoplay of to-day would become peripatetic *Commedia dell'Arte*, the one appreciable difference between the two being the fact that the scenes of a *Commedia dell'Arte* were acted upon a stationary stage, whereas those of the photoplay take place wherever the imagination of the dramatist elects that they be performed.

As in the *Commedia dell'Arte*, the dialogue of the photoplay scenario is unwritten, except in the case of passages which emphasize vital points of the story. In a *Commedia dell'Arte* these were called the *dotti* or dowries; in the photoplay they are the "spoken titles" or "leaders," and are flashed on the screen. The construction, however, is so similar in both instances, that a photoplay producer could take the average *Commedia dell'Arte* scenario and "film" it almost without alteration, his method of rehearsing his company being so like that of the *corago* or stage manager of Italian Improvised Comedy, that it is difficult to believe the technique of photoplay acting is not a direct inheritance from that of the *Commedia dell'Arte*.

The similarity between these two stage forms, which distinguishes them most from

the regular drama, is the improvisate character of their dialogue. Should the playwright of the regular stage turn his scenario, or outline of his play, over to the stage manager, with no dialogue written except important lines, which the very blocking out of the play called forth; and should the stage manager read it to the company, scene by scene, and impress upon its members the various characters they are to play and the situations they are to unfold, but leave to their readiness of wit the extemporization of all dialogue, except a few vital lines absolutely necessary to the unfolding of the story, we would then have in nearly every essential a *Commedia dell'Arte* as it was written and produced in Italy during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

Now in the production of a photoplay this is precisely the *modus operandi*. That dialogue obtains in the photoplay may astonish the uninitiated; yet not only do the actors speak, so that the effect of moving lips may be registered, but they speak lines which reflect both the character and the situation they are portraying. These lines, though improvised while a scene is in rehearsal, are important to the effective registration by the camera of the action, for they enable the actors to be "in their rôles," as the French say, much more effectively than if pantomime alone were resorted to. Moreover, moving-picture actors seldom play without an audience, particularly in the exterior scenes of a play, while during the taking of the interior scenes there are usually a few interlopers or fellow actors in the studio, to witness their histrionic efforts. Hence the repetition of a scene which the camera registers becomes not a rehearsal, but a performance. Again, the rapidity with which a scene is made by a competent producer,—often with but one rehearsal, seldom with more than two or three,—brings the "movie" actor into close professional kinship with the *Commedia dell'Arte* performer, of whom Luigi Riccoboni says in his *Histoire de l'ancien theatre italien* (1730):

"To a comedian who depends upon improvisation, face, memory, voice, and sentiment are not enough. If he would distinguish himself, he must possess a lively and fertile imagination, a great facility in expression; he must master the subtleties of the language too, and have at his disposal a full knowledge of all that is required for the different situations in which his rôle places him." In all except the phrase "he must master the subtleties of the language," this statement applies with equal force to the actor in the Improvised Comedy of the Italian renaissance and the "movie" actor of to-day, only those actors who possess "a lively and fertile

imagination, a great facility of expression, and a full knowledge of all that is required for the different situations in which their rôles place them," being effective histrions in the movies. The slow, studying actor, whom the stage manager can by patience whip into a part, or the actor who depends upon reading rather than acting for his effects, will fail ignominiously before the camera. Indeed, this new histrionism calls for precisely the qualities of which Riccoboni speaks, with the added requirement that the actor must possess a face which in the technical language of the "movie" studio "registers" effectively; more than one actor who succeeded because of his good looks on the regular stage has failed in the "movies," because his features do not photograph well.

A distinctive element of the *Commedia dell'Arte* was characterization, as exemplified by Pantalone, Arlecchino, Brighella, Pulcinella, Searamuccia, and their merry mates, each picturing the local characteristics of some Italian city. These were set characters, one or more of whom appeared in every comedy, the plots being constructed around these known and popular rôles. Although the "movies" have not accepted this plan of construction in its entirety, it nevertheless obtains, a series of plays having been constructed around popular characters, such as Bronco Billy; while John Bunny and Charley Chaplin might with considerable verisimilitude be dubbed the Pantalone and Arlecchino of the "movies," the parts they have invariably filled being certainly similar in conception to those that bore these names in the Italian Improvised Comedy.

Indeed, although the drama of to-day unconsciously owes much in the way of construction to the adept dramaturgy of those nimble Italian actors who, schooled by experience in stagecraft, developed the *Commedia dell'Arte*, or professional comedy, along lines that were followed by Molière and Goldoni, the "movies" have revived the most distinctive characteristics of that popular drama of the renaissance.

The very word *scenario* used by the actors of that period survives to indicate the photograph, which in form differs from those Italian scenari that have been preserved to us only by the addition of camera directions, such as "close up," "back to scene," "cut," "fade," etc., all of which are called forth by the technical demands of photography. Although sprightly Arlecchino and roguish Brighella do not prank in the "movies" in Bergamask attire, their ectypes are there in modern garb; while the actors who extemporize their lines, nimbly play before the camera in the rollick-

ing and spontaneous way of the *Commedia dell'Arte* actors, as described by Riccoboni, Garzoni, Barbieri, and other contemporary admirers of this forgotten art. Thus it would appear that there is nothing entirely new under the dramatic sun, not even the "movies."

H. C. CHATFIELD-TAYLOR.

FINDING ONESELF IN LIFE.*

Every lover of reading knows something of the anticipatory pleasure in opening a book the title of which suggests a purpose, points a moral, or adorns a promised tale. In the title of President Wilson's little volume, "When a Man Comes to Himself," we have just such a pledge of a book with a serious meaning. Some books make their appeal with an entirely impersonal authority, as though claiming to be regarded as emanations from the collective intellect of the race, and bringing with them no suggestion of self-revelation. Others, again, seem to require for their interpretation and complete comprehension the conception of a known or unknown personality behind them. In this latter category we must class the book now under review; and we trust it may not seem an intrusion into the privacies of a life if we assume it to be something in the nature of an *apologia pro vita*, a glimpse of the inner workings of an heroic soul, a laying bare for our instruction and edification of the manner in which its writer has escaped from the stifling atmosphere of littleness and self-seeking into the upper air of universal aims where "our souls have sight of that immortal sea which brought us hither."

The parable of the Prodigal Son has obviously suggested the title of the book; but the author in the first few pages has made clear what much requires to be kept in mind, that it is not necessary for a man to have wandered into "a far country" or to have been reduced to coveting "the husks which the swine did eat" before reaching the point where he must come to himself, if his life is not to end in failure. The emotional upheaval known as "conversion" has become so soiled by the ignoble uses of a cheap evangelicalism as to have lost credit in the world of sober judgment; but that some analogous change of attitude towards the mystery of existence and the meaning and uses of life must precede the entering upon his highest inheritance, is what every man in his heart probably believes. For even among those spiritually "impotent folk" who, as the author remarks, "never come to

* WHEN A MAN COMES TO HIMSELF. By Woodrow Wilson. New York: Harper & Brothers.

themselves at all," who can say how many there are who are quite aware of the necessity for this change, and who may have waited long by the pool of Bethesda for the coming of the disturbing angel that they might be the first to plunge into its healing waters? The spiritually "blind and halt and withered" belong to all classes of society, and are to be found among the wise and prudent, and in the very household of Mr. Worldly Wiseman of the town of Morality. Indeed, that this "coming to oneself" is as necessary to the man of genius or to him who instinctively prefers to walk in the paths of rectitude and veracity, as to the wayward child of humanity, is the lesson which this book seems to leave with us.

Where one is in complete agreement with the main conclusions of an author, and in the deepest sympathy with the spirit of his writing, it may appear ungracious to select points in detail with which to disagree. As honest criticism, however, is the proper function of the critic, we must join issue with Mr. Wilson in one of his dicta where he affirms that the coming to oneself is "a change reserved for the thoroughly sane and healthy and for those who can detach themselves," etc. Judging from observation and experience, one might be tempted to think that complete sanity and perfect health sometimes act as a bar to the oncoming of the great change, and positively prevent a man's coming to himself. Might it not even be said that a little defect in health or a slight touch of insanity sometimes provides the conditions under which the change is most likely to take place? The psychological mystery which surrounds the motions of the spirit is as inexplicable now as it was to the apostle who said: "By grace are ye saved and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God." For upon whom does the gift seem most readily to descend? Does it not come most frequently to those who are conscious of having lost something of that healthiness and sanity which result from complete adjustment to outward conditions? May it not be that here again the intellectual and emotional invalids or sinners may have at least an equal chance to come to themselves, with those who have observed all the laws of mental and emotional hygiene? It is, at all events, a more cheerful and sustaining belief that the change is *not* reserved for the thoroughly sane and healthy; as there are so few who can truthfully be so described.

We believe we interpret the author's conclusions aright in assuming that he regards the coming of a man to himself not as a single and final transaction, but as a process, which having begun will be repeated as life unfolds its hidden potentialities; and that we must be

re-born not once but many times if we are to expand to the full circumference of our being. While there are undoubtedly many to whom the initial awakening arrives gradually, like the return to consciousness of a healthy sleeper, to most of us it comes with more or less of a shock; to some with the force of a mighty rushing wind; to others with only a gentle "click" indicating that a corner has been rounded, an important point passed, a new outlook gained. But every man who has experienced the change and realized the altered perspective in which the world is seen, and who has received the gift in the spirit of true humility, will expect further revelations and adjustments and will not be disappointed. Each recurring "coming to himself" will take place with less shock and more and more frequency, until in a real sense he comes to himself at the opening of each new day.

On many other points most readers will find themselves in absolute agreement with Mr. Wilson. That "men come to themselves by discovering their limitations no less than by discovering their deeper endowments," that "Moral enthusiasm is not, uninstructed and of itself, a suitable guide to practicable and lasting reformation," and that "if the reform sought be the reformation of others as well as of himself, the reformer should look to it that he knows the true relation of his will to the wills of those he would change and guide,"—these are aphorisms of inestimable value for the clarification of thought and the guidance of the social reformer. The idea, too, that man reaches his highest degree of individuality in proportion as he identifies himself with his community, was surely never more happily expressed than in the following epigrammatic sentences: "A man is the part he plays among his fellows. He is not isolated. His life is made up of the relations he bears to others—is made or marred by those relations, guided by them, judged by them, expressed in them." "Adjustment [to those relations] is exactly what a man gains when he comes to himself." Would it be possible to find a more felicitous elucidation of the antinomy which accepts Society as an organism yet insists on maintaining the individuality of the man?

"And so men grow by having responsibility laid upon them, the burden of other people's business." In these words we seem to feel the inner spirit of the distinguished writer of this edifying little book. That the burden our great civic chief is at present bearing may react in the manner he obviously desires, will be the sincerest wish of every reader of "When a Man Comes to Himself."

ALEX. MACKENDRICK.

SCORCHED WITH THE FLAMES OF WAR.*

Of all who have gone forth to write of the present war for the purpose of influencing the opinion of the world, Mr. Sven Hedin is the most eminent. Educated in Germany in his youth, preserving through life an honest love for and admiration of its people in peace, the recipient of many honors and much applause throughout its empire, he was allowed the widest latitude by no less a person than the Kaiser himself for the acquirement of such knowledge as would most convincingly present the cause of the German Empire to the neutral nations. As in so many other cases, he has made over his own into a German heart, and his large octavo volume contains no criticism of the Germans that is not wholly favorable. As in so many other cases, too, he is not satisfied to record merely what he sees, though he more than once professes that to be his object; he argues from his own experiences and observations to sweeping generalities, denies all atrocities, and leaves the German soldier with a clean bill of moral health. It may be remarked here, for the purpose of clearing up a great deal of muddy thinking in such matters, that so-called negative testimony of this kind is not testimony at all. Mr. Hedin offers no contradiction, as an eye-witness, of the cases set forth in the Bédier and Bryce reports, buttressed as they are by extracts from the diaries of German soldiers; he is content to present himself as a witness in the spirit in which the twenty friends who had not seen the Irishman steal the pig contradicted the ten who did. This is not to be held as vitiating the force of his actual observations; a traveller of the first distinction and trained both to see and to write, his book is authoritative within its limits, and its faults are those of prejudgment and of mass psychology. But even these prejudices are interesting in the record, as when he notes: "I was told that the wounds of the Germans heal better and quicker than those of the

Frenchmen, whatever the reason may be." Again what we should call British self-respect and independence he characterizes as bad breeding:

"Of the prisoners, it was said that there was a great difference between the British and the French. The former would stand with their hands in their pockets and a pipe in their mouth when spoken to by an officer, and a salute was only elicited by a reprimand. The Frenchmen, on the other hand, always salute the German officers without being told, and this is probably due to their inherited military spirit and to the trait of inborn courtesy which pervades the whole nation."

Mr. Hedin met and talked with the Kaiser three times during his stay in Germany (from September 14 to November 12, 1914), and presents this portrait of him:

"The talk of the Emperor having aged during the war, and of the war with all its labors and anxieties having sapped his strength and health, is all nonsense. His hair is no more pronouncedly iron grey than before the war, his face has color, and far from being worn and thin, he is plump and strong, bursting with energy and rude health. A man of Emperor William's stamp is in his element when, through the force of circumstances, he is compelled to stake all he possesses and above all himself for the good and glory of his country. But his greatest quality is that he is a human being and that with all his fulminant force he is humble before God."

Mr. Hedin has convinced himself that this is a holy war, in which the Kaiser, like Gustavus Adolphus before him, is holding up the arms of Protestantism—against what, one does not quite make out. After a detailed account of the celebration of mass near the front, he writes:

"Perhaps one ought to . . . realize what Swedes and Germans have in common. At one time we gave each other the best and noblest that we possessed. The Lutheran faith preserved by the sword of Gustavus Adolphus was the seed and life germ which has given birth to that Germanic culture which to-day is fighting for its existence. None of us can escape the responsibility for the inviolable preservation of the common heritage. Our German brethren are now shedding their heart's blood in a cause which in equal measure concerns themselves, and for which Sweden's greatest Kings gave their all and their lives."

France is held to be the victim of a specious and inhuman diplomacy—"surely one cannot with self-respect refrain from loudly condemning the policy which alone is the cause of it all." The use of Turcos and Gurkas and Sikhs brings forth objurgations—the actual Turks are not mentioned. One of the interesting ways in which Germany is having the cost of the war defrayed for her by her enemies is worth setting down in full:

* WITH THE GERMAN ARMIES IN THE WEST. By Sven Hedin. Authorised translation from the Swedish by H. G. de Walterstorff. Illustrated. New York: John Lane Co.

BEHIND THE SCENES IN WARING GERMANY. By Edward Lyell Fox. Illustrated. New York: McBride, Nast & Co.

FOUR WEEKS IN THE TRENCHES. The War Story of a Violinist. By Fritz Kreisler. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

A SURGEON IN BELGIUM. By H. S. Souttar, F.R.C.S. Illustrated. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

PARIS WAITS: 1914. By M. E. Clarke. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

LA GUERRE VUE D'UNE AMBULANCE. Par l'abbé Félix Klein. Illustrated. Paris: Librairie Armand Colin.

EYE-WITNESS'S NARRATIVE OF THE WAR. From the Marne to Neuve Chapelle: September, 1914-March, 1915. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

FIELD HOSPITAL AND FLYING COLUMN. Being the Journal of an English Nursing Sister in Belgium and Russia. By Violetta Thurstan. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"Nothing is taken away off-hand. All will be made good to the owners after the war. The terms of peace will contain a provision to the effect that the defeated side shall pay the amount of every receipt or voucher (*bon*) representing the value of the things requisitioned during the military occupation. The individual is not to suffer direct, but only as a participant in the misfortune which falls on the country as a whole. It is the duty of the State to make good the people's personal losses when the State is incapable of protecting the property of the individual against the enemy. And if the invading power is defeated in the war, its just punishment is that it must make good the losses of the sufferers."

This reads fairly enough, but it must be remembered that there is nowhere in the large volume any hint of anything but German victory, complete and absolute. The French who accept the German vouchers, having no choice in the matter, are to look to their own government for repayment for the supplies they are forced to give its foes. The Hague conventions are not silent on this subject, but as Mr. Hedin observes, "In more than one respect this war has demonstrated the impotence and futility of all conferences and conventions of Geneva, The Hague, and other places, bearing names which now have an empty and illusory sound." It is well to have a categorical statement of this sort from such a completely pro-German source. After noting the trench warfare in northern France, and getting to Antwerp just after its fall, Mr. Hedin returned home. He had been under French fire and the British naval bombardment of Ostend, had been entertained by numerous royalties and high dignitaries, and his tone is that of a man who thoroughly enjoyed himself.

Mr. Edward Lyell Fox did not have so elaborate a social experience with German notabilities as Mr. Hedin, but his opportunities for gaining knowledge were almost equal and of much the same nature. His book, "Behind the Scenes in Warring Germany," is written with less reserve and more energy, describing conditions on both the western front in autumn and the eastern in winter, in the form of special correspondence for American periodicals. Mr. Fox is much more guarded in his statements about German proceedings which have not fallen under his own eyesight,—as when he remarks in this connection: "Were every American who believes these Belgian stories, to live with the German soldiers as I have, and to know them off duty, and to watch them in the trenches, he would be utterly at sea. The stories of Belgium do not agree with the men of the German army." This is brought out by nothing more than the accusation that the home-loving Teuton has

wantonly burned houses; and in the paragraph immediately following he describes a Prussian officer's bomb-proof in the trenches as filled with loot from a neighboring chateau—the sort of thing that Mr. Hedin gave us his assurance was not done. Mr. Fox was on the firing line during an English charge, and was mightily moved to take an active part in the fighting, being completely carried away by the excitement of the moment. His account of the defeat of the enemy must be given:

"I began to notice then, by craning my head from left to right, that the red wavering lines of fire, which had a way of rushing at you and vanishing to appear again further back, was [*sic*] slower now in appearing after it lost itself somewhere in the mud, and then it became even slower in showing itself and finally when it came, you saw that it had disintegrated into segments, that it was no longer a steady oncoming line, rather a slowly squirming thing like the curling parts of some monstrous fiery worm that had been chopped to bits and was squirming its life away out there on the mud. And it dawned upon you in horror that the fiery red lines had been lines of men, shooting as they had come; and that, when one line had been mowed down, another had rushed up from behind, so on almost endlessly it had seemed until they became broken and squirmed like the others had done, into the mud, and came no more. And the spell that you had been held in was broken; and you remembered that there was a God, and you thanked Him that your hands had found nothing with which to kill."

(It could have been wished, when Mr. Fox came to write, that he had remembered that there is also syntax in English.) He, too, like Mr. Hedin, visited the prison camps in Belgium, and noted that the British did not salute German officers; also that when he asked an English marine how he liked it there, though an officer stood beside him, the Englishman answered, "Rotten." The fighting in Poland was even fiercer; and the battle of Augustowo Wald, at which Mr. Fox was present, affords him material for what he calls "the first complete account of a great battle that has been told in this war." As recorded, it was one of those overwhelming Russian defeats that have characterized the eastern fighting, an army of 240,000 men being completely obliterated by General von Hindenberg. The last chapter in the book shows, with photographic reproductions, that England possessed accurate military maps of Belgium,—proof to the Germans that Great Britain intended the invasion of that unhappy country; and equal proof, from the other side, that the British were aware of Germany's dishonorable intentions in that regard.

From September to December, 1914, Mr. H. S. Souttar was attached to a British hospital corps and not under the personal escort of exceedingly polite German officers with the limitation of experiences thus implied. In consequence we are given in his book entitled "A Surgeon in Belgium" a record of personal experiences. After discussing the rules of the Geneva Convention the author says:

"It is, after all, possible to fight as gentlemen. Or at least it was until a few months ago. Since then we have had a demonstration of 'scientific' war such as has never before been given to mankind. Now, to wear a Red Cross is simply to offer a better mark for the enemy's fire, and we only wore them in order that our own troops might know our business and make use of our aid. A hospital is a favorite mark for the German artillery, whilst the practice of painting Red Crosses on the tops of ambulance cars is by many people considered unwise, as it invites any passing aeroplane to drop a bomb. But the Germans have carried their systematic contempt of the rules of war so far that it is now almost impossible for our own men to recognize their Red Crosses. Time after time their Red Cross cars have been used to conceal machine-guns, their flags have floated over batteries, and they have actually used stretchers to bring up ammunition to the trenches. Whilst I was at Furnes two German spies were working with an ambulance, in khaki uniforms, bringing in the wounded. They were at it for nearly a week before they were discovered, and then, by a ruse, they succeeded in driving straight through the Belgian lines and back to their own, Red Cross ambulance, khaki and all."

Later he cites another instance that fell within his personal knowledge:

"But Ypres gave us yet another example of German methods of war. On the western side of the town, some distance from the furthest houses, stood the Asylum. It was a fine building arranged in several wings, and at present it was being used for the accommodation of a few wounded, mostly women and children, and several old people of the workhouse infirmary type. It made a magnificent hospital, and as it was far away from the town and was not used for any but the purposes of a hospital, we considered it safe enough, and that it would be a pity to disturb the poor old people collected there. We might have known better. The very next night the Germans shelled it to pieces, and all those unfortunate old creatures had to be removed in a hurry. There was a senseless barbarity about such an act which could only appeal to a Prussian."

The book is both witty and wise, and the work of a man who can write excellent English. It contains a number of suggestions of a professional sort, such as the establishment of hospitals in the country for the better treatment of city dwellers, and records the results of the use of the most modern surgical

appliances. Madame Curie was in Mr. Souttar's hospital with her wonderful apparatus, and the King and Queen of Belgium were frequent visitors.

Mr. Fritz Kreisler, the eminent violinist now touring the United States, was for a month on the Austrian firing line, took part in several engagements and a long retreat, was wounded in the leg, and honorably discharged from the service as no longer physically fit for its hardships. His brief account of "Four Weeks in the Trenches" corroborates those given by many others, regarding the ease with which a man of refinement slips back into the barbarism of war, with its attendant dirt and filth and lack of everything regarded as humanly decent. A week or two of marching under heavy equipment brought him into unexpected health and strength, as in so many other cases. His musical ear enabled him to be of service to his army, for it detected the differences in the sounds made by shells before attaining their maximum height and after they had begun their descent. "Apparently," he writes, "in the first half of its curve, that is, its course while ascending, the shell produced a dull whine accompanied by a falling cadence, which changes to a rising shrill as soon as the acme has been reached and the curve points downward again." Confiding his observations to his commanding officer, "it was later on reported to me that I had succeeded in giving to our batteries the almost exact range of the Russian guns." Interesting as this is, it seems a poor use to put a great artistic talent to. Several instances are cited of the men exhibiting a simple humanity toward their enemies, notably in a case where a Russian officer and his orderly came under a flag of truce to plead hunger, "offering a little barrel of water which his companion carried on his head and a little tobacco, in exchange for some provisions." The response was generous, though the Austrians were themselves on scant rations, Mr. Kreisler's "proud contribution consisting of two tablets of chocolate, part of a precious reserve for extreme cases."

Mrs. M. E. Clarke has done nothing more than record the state of feeling suggested by the title of her well written book, "Paris Waits: 1914," during the fearful days of the German advance, and by the respite that came in September when the French pushed their adversaries back to the Aisne. Of the retreat immediately before, she writes:

"I never realized how ill men could be from sheer fatigue until I saw a Seaforth Highlander and a Rifle Brigade man utterly prostrate in a French hospital after that awful retreat on Paris.

They had marched twenty-five miles a day during four days, with practically nothing to eat, and fighting all the way. . . They had been in hospital ten days when we found them, and they were still unable to stand on their feet, although, beyond fatigue, there was nothing the matter with them. They craved food, rest, and forgetfulness of all they had seen. Their pity for the Belgian refugees was very real, and whatever English soldier you meet it is always the same: they will never forget those heart-rending scenes of mutilated women and children, burning villages, and roads streaming with frightened groups of human beings seeking safety by walking away from their own dwellings into the unknown. Above all, they will never forget or forgive the Germans for driving the women and children before their guns as protection for themselves against the fire of the Allies. Even the laconic Highlander talked about that, and the Rifle Brigade man became eloquent."

Though the book makes no pretence to consecutiveness or literary form, it will stand as a psychological cinematograph of the feelings of a great capital in a great historical crisis.

M. l'Abbé Félix Klein will be remembered as the author of several books which have been translated and sold widely in America. He has also travelled and lectured extensively in this country. Thus it was not inappropriate that he should attach himself to the American Ambulance Corps in France as its chaplain. His new book, "La Guerre Vue d'une Ambulance," is in the form of a diary, running from the third of August to the last day of December, 1914, in which he sets down the actual events of each day with related impressions and observations. Here is confirmation of Mrs. Clarke's record from an independent source:

"Il ne leur est permis de parler des faits de guerre qu'après quinze jours écoulés. Ce n'est pas, jugent-ils à bon droit, désobéir à cet ordre que de nous confirmer, pour les avoir vues de leurs yeux, les atrocités des Allemands en Belgique, et notamment, le fait très souvent renouvelé,—chaque fois, semble-t-il, que c'était possible,—de placer devant eux les enfants et les femmes, au moment du combat."

There is also the protest, not uncommon in either France or Britain, against the use of similar devices:

"Rien, pas même le sac de Senlis, qui a donné lieu, rien ne justifie de pareilles explosions de fureur. Je sais bien que les atrocités allemandes dépassent, cette fois, toutes limites, et qu'elles revêtent souvent un caractère général, officiel, qui en augmente singulièrement la portée. Mais quoi! n'est-ce pas cela même qui prouve l'infériorité de l'adversaire? Loin de nous, à jamais, l'idée de nous abandonner à la plus monstrueuse des émulations!"

The impression given is vivid and sincere, and the United States has occasion to feel

proud of the excellent work accomplished through its Ambulance Corps in France.

Out of the obscurity thrown over the work of the British expeditionary force in Belgium and France has come from time to time the writings of an official eye-witness,—brief and well worded accounts, sometimes picturesque, which are for the most part from the accomplished pen of Colonel Ernest D. Swinton. These have been collected into a volume, "Eye-Witness's Narrative of the War," which needed this presentation of them since the exigencies of daily journalism have often led to omissions large and small. The accounts here given run from the victory of the Allies on the Marne to the British advance at Neuve Chapelle last March, the selection of the two events giving form to the narrative. As an example of the information given, the following statement concerning the event last named may be quoted:

"One wounded Prussian officer, of a particularly offensive and truculent type which is not uncommon, expressed the greatest contempt for our methods. 'You do not fight. You murder,' he said. 'If it had been straightforward, honest fighting, we should have beaten you, but my regiment never had a chance from the first; there was a shell every ten yards. Nothing could live in such a fire.'"

"This feeling of resentment against our artillery was shown by several of the prisoners. Gratifying as it is to our gunners, it is an exhibition of a curious lack of any judicial sense or even of a rudimentary sense of humor on the part of the apostles of 'Frightfulness.' It was the Germans who prepared an overwhelming force of artillery before the war, and they were the first to employ the concentrated action of heavy guns in field warfare. When the tables are turned and they have their first taste of what we have so often eaten they actually have the effrontery to complain. It also especially galled our prisoners that they should have been captured by the British, who, they had been informed, were very inferior enemies."

It was this battle that at last disclosed to the British the only secure method of advancing, and they immediately set about securing the necessary enormous quantity of heavy ammunition. The book pays full credit to the German efficiency and personal bravery, and some informing letters secured from prisoners about the pinch of poverty are of especial interest.

Miss Violetta Thurstan, an English trained nurse attached to the St. John of Jerusalem Red Cross, went to Belgium almost immediately after the invasion of that country, remained there until the Germans deported her and her assistants after subjecting them to needless and gross personal insults, and from

Denmark passed to the Russian Red Cross at the flying column detailed to the front. Her experiences were thrilling in the extreme, and were borne with that high spirit of valor which characterizes the English gentlewoman at her best. Wounded at last and soon after stricken by pleurisy, she has occupied her convalescence in writing the account of her experiences. Her book, "Field Hospital and Flying Column," fully bears out the dictum that no autobiography is dull. Interesting as the narrative is, still more interesting is the personality of the author, which may be judged in part by the following extract:

"War would be the most glorious game in the world if it were not for the killing and wounding. In it one tastes the joy of comradeship to the full, the taking and giving, and helping and being helped, in a way that would be impossible to conceive in the ordinary world. At Radzivilow, too, one could see the poetry of war, the zest of the frosty mornings, and the delight of the camp-fire at night, the warm, clean smell of the horses tethered everywhere, the keen hunger, the rough food sweetened by the sauce of danger, the riding out in high hope in the morning; even the returning wounded in the evening did not seem altogether such a bad thing out there."

No idea that the pacifists have advanced is more convincing than that of making peace as interesting as warfare; once this is accomplished, the vastest of all human evils will probably disappear.

WALLACE RICE.

RECENT POETRY.*

In a roughly convenient fashion, one may classify all contemporary verse in two grand divisions, according as it represents the following of poetic tradition or the distinctive resolution to be *new*. In connection with the second group, no one interested in the subject can fail to be aware of a considerable amount of very interesting experimentation by certain of the younger poets, analogous in a more than superficial way to the various modernist schools of painting. Even if we have serious suspicions as to the probable value of these experiments, we should try to understand

* SOME IMAGIST POETS. An Anthology. "New Poetry Series." Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

IRRADIATIONS: SAND AND SPRAY. By John Gould Fletcher. "New Poetry Series." Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

CREATION. Post-Impressionist Poems. By Horace Holley. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

SPOON RIVER ANTHOLOGY. By Edgar Lee Masters. New York: The Macmillan Co.

SATIRES OF CIRCUMSTANCE. Lyrics and Reveries, with Miscellaneous Pieces. By Thomas Hardy. New York: The Macmillan Co.

THE FREE SPIRIT. Realizations of Middle Age, with a Note on Personal Expression. By Henry Bryan Binns. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

SONNETS OF A PORTRAIT-PAINTER. By Arthur Davison Ficke. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

them; and for this reason it is a cause for satisfaction that there should be initiated a "New Poetry Series," designed to represent the work of the latest generation in small, well-printed volumes, modestly priced. The first title of this series is an anthology representing the "imagist" poets, through the collaboration of six of them, with a preface setting forth their principles.

Unfortunately, when one seeks to ascertain the principles of any sect from its leaders, one is likely to be puzzled by the way in which they revert to obvious matters on which it is difficult to believe they have any peculiar claim. A Mormon, on being pressed for such a statement, will not mention polygamy or tithes, but will tell you that his Church is characterized by its belief in the coming of the kingdom of God on earth—something which you supposed you had always believed yourself. A Seventh-day Adventist will not speak of the Sabbath, but will say that his one passion is liberty of conscience, as if this were a new doctrine made for the times. It is much the same with the modernist poets. The preface before us tells us that the principles of the Imagists are five: to use the language of common speech, employing the exact and not the decorative word; to create new rhythms, not to copy old ones; to allow absolute freedom in the choice of subject; to present an image as distinguished from vague generalities; to produce poetry that is "hard and clear"; and to practice concentration. Now apart from the matter of the new rhythms, it is obvious that these principles are the commonplaces of English poetry since the days of Burns and of Wordsworth, when they are not the commonplaces of good poetry of every age. If we look for interpretations of them in the anthology itself, the matter can hardly be said to be cleared up. For instance, Mr. D. H. Lawrence gives us the following images in a poem alluringly called "Illicit":

"You are near to me, and your naked feet in their sandals,

And through the scent of the balcony's naked timber
I distinguish the scent of your hair; so now the limber

Lightning falls from heaven.

Adown the pale-green glacier-river floats

A dark boat through the gloom—and whither?

The thunder roars. But still we have each other.

The naked lightnings in the heaven dither

And disappear. What have we but each other?

The boat has gone."

If these verses were not the product of one who not only is bound to employ the *exact* word, but who is under no obligation to make use of any rhyme whatsoever, we should be tempted to assume that the interesting words "limber" and "dither," applied to the light-

ning, were suggested by the rhyme. Being forbidden this hypothesis, we hesitate. As to the lightning's being reported as naked, when we should hardly have thought to ask that it be clothed, this may be attributed to a subtle sympathy with the illicit nudity of the feet and the timbers. But all this is so far from being new that it was keenly and legitimately parodied by Mr. Owen Seaman, years ago, in his ballad of the nun who

"passed along the naked road,—
The road had really nothing on."

Turn now, for further illustration of our principles, to some of the poems contributed by Miss Amy Lowell, who before this has done praiseworthy work in poetry, and note images like these:

"Little cramped words scrawling all over the paper
Like draggled fly's legs."

"Why do lilies goggle their tongues at me
When I pluck them;
And writhe, and twist,
And strangle themselves against my fingers?"

"My thoughts
Chink against my ribs
And roll about like silver hail-stones."

Is this exactness? Is this to be concentrated, hard, and clear? Well, one may not be sure how the words are used. But to those familiar with the history of English poetry it looks very much like a reversion, suggestive at times, and not without charm, to rather crude and youthful forms of the old method of the "conceit." Not to seek further light on the theory of the poems, we may note that their chief values are of the same character as those of a painter's jottings and sketches in his note-book,—oftentimes suggestive of the materials for an interesting bit of color or of composition, still unformed into any significant whole. Here, from the work of Mr. John Gould Fletcher, is a view of London from a 'bus-top:

"Black shapes bending,
Taxicabs crush in the crowd.
The tops are each a shining square,
Shuttles that steadily press through woolly fabric..."

"Monotonous domes of bowler-hats
Vibrate in the heat."

"Silently, easily we sway through braying traffic,
Down the crowded street.
The tumult crouches over us,
Or suddenly drifts to one side."

And here, from Mr. F. S. Flint, is a sketch of houses at night:

"Into the sky
The red earthenware and the galvanised iron chimneys
Thrust their cowl.
The hoot of the steamers on the Thames is plain.

No wind;
The trees merge, green with green;
A car whirs by;
Footsteps and voices take their pitch
In the key of dust,
Far-off and near, subdued.
Solid and square to the world
The houses stand,
Their windows blocked with venetian blinds.
Nothing will move them."

By far the most effective composition in the anthology is Miss Lowell's picture of the bombardment of a continental city—presumably Rheims; but this does not even profess to be more than cadenced prose, and is printed accordingly.

A second issue of the "New Poetry Series" is made up entirely of the imagistic work of Mr. Fletcher; and exhibits, for the most part, the qualities that have been noticed. The following sketch is of some special interest as attempting the same sort of impression as that familiar in a certain type of painting, strewn broadcast with spots of prismatic color:

"Over the roof-tops race the shadows of clouds;
Like horses the shadows of clouds charge down the street."

"Whirlpools of purple and gold,
Winds from the mountains of cinnabar,
Lacquered mandarin moments, palanquins swaying
and balancing
Amid the vermillion pavilions, against the jade
balustrades.
Glint of the glittering wings of dragon-flies in the
light:
Silver filaments, golden flakes settling downwards,
Rippling, quivering flutters, repulse and surrender,
The sun brodered upon the rain,
The rain rustling with the sun."

"Over the roof-tops race the shadows of clouds;
Like horses the shadows of clouds charge down the street."

For this little volume Mr. Fletcher, like the editor of the anthology, has written an instructive preface, explaining something of the doctrines of his group. It is more frank than the other, but singularly full of misstatements. In the brief space here available one must be dogmatic; hence it can only be shortly observed that the art of poetry in English-speaking countries is *not* in a greatly backward state; that the poets have *not* attempted to make of their craft a Masonic secret, declaring that rhythm is not to be analyzed; that it is *not* true that each line of a poem represents a single breath; that every poet of eminence has *not* felt the fatiguing monotony of regular rhyme and constructed new stanzas in order to avoid it; that Shakespeare did *not* abandon rhyme in his mature period (that is, in lyrical verse, which is apparently the only kind under consideration). Of course, if the reader is disposed to question these denials, we cannot claim to have offered

proof,—he can only be referred to any scholarly authority on the matters concerned. But if a preface like this is a specimen of the actual information at the disposal of the imagists, one can only say that their practice may excel their theory, but that the latter is beyond hope.

Mr. Horace Holley has collected a number of poems which he calls not imagist but "post-impressionist." In form and manner they resemble those we have been considering, but are less sensuously colored and decidedly richer in intellectual substance. One called "In a Factory" rather strikingly represents the social aspect of the poet's thought:

"Smoky, monotonous rows
Of half-unconscious men
Serving, with lustreless glance and dreamless mind,
The masterful machines;
These are the sons of herdsmen, hunters,
Lords of the sunlit meadow,
The lonely peak,
The stirring, shadow-haunted wood,—
Of mariners who swung from sea to sea
In carven ships
And named the unknown world:
Hunters, herdsmen, sailors, all
By trade or chase or harvest
Winning their substance
Rudely, passionately like a worthy game
With a boy's great zest of playing.
O labour,
Whoso makes thee an adventure
Thrilling to the nervous core of life,
He is the true Messiah,
The world's Saviour, long-awaited, long-wept-for."

Finally, for our group of modernists, we may note the "Spoon River Anthology" of Mr. Edgar Lee Masters, which might be called the *reductio ad absurdum* of certain of the new methods,—such as the abandonment of conventional form and the fearless scrutiny of disagreeable realities. There is nothing here, to be sure, of the vaporings of some of our imagists, but a stern virility to which one might warm were it not so deliberately unlovely. The contents of this "anthology" is a series of *monologues d'outre tombe*, supposed to be spoken by the inhabitants of the Spoon River cemetery, who one by one tell us something of what they did and felt while living, and in many cases how they met their end. Whether Spoon River is meant to be viewed as typical of Illinois villages—for it appears to be in the vicinity of Knox College and Peoria—or to be a place peculiarly accursed, doth not clearly appear. In either case it furnishes an extraordinary study in mortuary statistics. From the first half of the volume, or thereabouts, there may be culled such characters as these: a person who was hanged for highway robbery and murder; a woman who was slain by the secret cruelty of her husband, the details not revealed; an

inventor who was bitten by a rat while demonstrating a patent trap; a woman who took morphine after a quarrel with her husband; another who died in childbirth, the event having been foreseen by her husband; a boy who was run over while stealing a ride on a train; another boy who contracted lockjaw from a toy pistol; a woman whose lockjaw was due to a needle which had pierced her while she was washing her baby's clothes; a citizen who fell dead, presumably from apoplexy, while confessing a hidden sin to his church; a trainer who was killed by a lion in a circus; a greedy farmer who died from eating pie and gulping coffee in hot harvest time; a rural philosopher who was gored by a cow while discussing predestination; an innocent man who was hanged on a trumped-up charge; a courtesan who was poisoned by an Italian count; and a prohibitionist who developed cirrhosis of the liver from over-drinking. Enough—though the half has not been told. Under most of these tragedies lurk a grim pathos, and an irony due to such causes as the total misunderstanding by his fellows of the life (and often the death) of the ghostly speaker. A really remarkable series of character-studies, though the half would be much better than the whole; but for poetry—*cui bono?* Mr. Masters has shown before this that he knows what verse is; how then can he perpetrate, and endure to see in type, trash like this:

"If even one of my boys could have run a news-stand,
Or one of my girls could have married a decent man,
I should not have walked in the rain
And jumped into bed with clothes all wet,
Refusing medical aid."

(In passing, note this method of suicide, perhaps the most original, because the most indirect, of those described in the collection.) It can only be because he was resolved to portray—in the words of one of his own characters—a

"wingless void
Where neither red, nor gold, nor wine,
Nor the rhythm of life are [*sic*] known."

In two or three of the monologues only is the rhythm of life heard sounding underneath the tragedy—as it always is in actual poetry and real tragedy; in the words of Petit the Poet:

"Tragedy, comedy, valor and truth,
Courage, constancy, heroism, failure—
All in the loom, and oh what patterns!
Woodlands, meadows, streams and rivers—
Blind to all of it all my life long.
Triolets, villanelles, rondels, rondeaus,
Seeds in a dry pod, tick, tick, tick,
Tick, tick, tick, what little iambs,
While Homer and Whitman roared in the pines!"

All this formless, blundering, but seriously purposed writing, under whatever name it

goes, is of value to the thoughtful reader for inferential and negative rather than positive reasons. Practically all the compositions at which we have been looking fail to meet the eternal test of poetry: they would perform their function, express their image or their thought, as well in prose form as in verse,—sometimes better. What does this signify? Their prefaces do not tell us. The real characteristic common to the group is the deliberate abandonment of faith in a type, a law, an ideal—call it what you will—to which the fleeting momentary experiences caught up by the poet are to be referred, and of which his dependence on a persistent form, a steadily flowing, ineluctable rhythm, is but a symbol. Some will cling to form, but throw away the idea for which it stands; some will cling to beauty of detail, but abandon beauty of the whole; some will keep their sense of the type, the law, the idea, but throw away outward form, just for the zest of difference and novelty. When they abandon all—faith and form together—then we have a complete and instructive pathologic specimen of the process. What remains may be called poetry, but it is a poetry like that religion which has abandoned both religion's ritual and its faith.

Mr. Thomas Hardy is of those who keep the ritual without the faith. In other words, whether in prose or in verse, he holds to the traditional forms of his art despite the hopeless and unbeautiful creed which is familiar to all his readers. In his early volume of verse, the "Wessex Poems," he somewhere expressed himself to this effect: that life would be more tolerable if we could believe ourselves to be in the toils of a malicious power, bent on causing suffering,—it would at any rate be a more rational state than to feel that our suffering is without either purpose or meaning. In later years, as everyone knows, he has achieved the satisfaction merely dreamed of in the poem referred to, and come to something like a solemn faith in a Power not ourselves that makes for unrighteousness. This gives a kind of ideality to his pessimism which is quite wanting in the insignificant disillusioned ghosts of Spoon River. His recent volume of collected poems represents this in many a passage, but in none so nobly as in the lines on the loss of the "Titanic" (called "The Convergence of the Twain"):

"... Well, while was fashioning
This creature of cleaving wing,
The Immanent Will that stirs and urges everything

"Prepared a sinister mate
For her—so gaily great—
A Shape of Ice, for the time far and dissociate.

"And as the smart ship grew
In stature, grace, and hue,
In shadowy silent distance grew the Iceberg too.

"Alien they seemed to be:
No mortal eye could see
The intimate welding of their later history,

"Or sign that they were bent
By paths coincident
On being anon twin halves of one august event,

"Till the Spinner of the Years
Said 'Now!' And each one hears,
And consummation comes, and jars two hemispheres."

The title poems of the volume, called "Satires of Circumstance," are brilliant ironic sketches in precisely the mordant manner of Mr. Hardy's most disconcerting prose narrative. Quite as keen, and perhaps even more finely balanced in respect to comedy and tragedy, is the neighboring dialogue between a buried woman and some one digging on her grave. At first she imagines it to be her lover planting rue, but the answer comes, "No, he wedded another yesterday." "My nearest kin, then?" "No, they are saying, 'What use to plant flowers?'" "My enemy, then, prodding maliciously?" "No, she thinks you no more worth her hate." "Who is it, then?" "Your little dog, my mistress dear." "Ah, one true heart left behind—I might have known." But the dog answers:

"Mistress, I dug upon your grave
To bury a bone, in case
I should be hungry near this spot
When passing on my daily trot.
I am sorry, but I quite forgot
It was your resting-place."

It seemed well to paraphrase the greater portion of this little narrative, not merely for the sake of brevity, but to exemplify the fact that this is a type of composition, again, which does not lose its essence when transferred to prose. The verse points it, to be sure,—gives finish and consequent satisfaction; but the spirit is not that of poetry, because the spirit of poetry is never that of mere negation. And this is true of a great part of Mr. Hardy's verse. But there are plenty of exceptions, as in the poem on the "Titanic," where, as we have seen, a big and looming imaginative concept rises from the very ruins of faith.

In marked contrast to all these modernists is a new volume of poems representing the spiritual philosophy of Mr. Henry Bryan Binns. Some of the verse seems modern enough, to be sure; some of it is in *vers libre*; but Mr. Binns is not under the illusion that he is contributing, in these irregular forms, to the normal evolution of the poetry of the race. He values them, sagaciously, only as means of expressing certain personal "realizations,"—such as, in some cases, recall

the ecstatic utterances of seventeenth century mystics like Traherne. From "High Noon," for instance, is this:

"See the sun atop, crowning Noon's height,
Level beneath him the round world!
Level lies earth beneath and takes to the brim
Her full of him, ere, tilting to East
The light begins spilling.

"While Noon's now at full
Brim-high with this effulgence of light,
Who has heart,—come, drain it!
Who has faith, let him drink!"

Of conventional forms, there are many sonnets in the volume, but in this form Mr. Binns tends to be didactic and unimaginative. His happiest vein is perhaps exemplified in certain verses in the four-foot measure, which has often been proved to have possibilities for the combination of thoughtful epigram with lyrical feeling. Of this character is the fine conclusion to the title poem:

"Whatever of myself I win
Out of my peril or despair,
With all the inseparable kin
And pilgrimage of life, I share.

"Alone in the light the skylark sings
And sets us singing in the gloom:
I, also, on victorious wings
An instant overleap my doom:

"And though I know not how, I know
As Earth, whereof we spring, is one,
So every spirit's overflow
Replenishes the common sun."

The Emersonian flavor evident in these lines is still more noticeable in the lighter vein of "The Scolding Squirrel." There remains space for only two or three stanzas of this:

"Squirrel, squirrel up in the tree,
While you jerk that tail at me
I mock at you and blithely dine
On the other fruit of the pine. . . .

"All about me for my food
Drops the wisdom of the wood:
What a thousand pine-trees think
Is distilled to be my drink. . . .

"An ever-living tide of mirth
That flows for aye about the Earth
Begins to sing its song in me,
Squirrel, underneath your tree."

We return to America for a volume which should have found earlier notice in these columns. Mr. Arthur Ficke's sequence of "Sonnets of a Portrait-Painter." Mr. Ficke's work in the sonnet has won many a friendly word before now, and the new collection marks progress in his art. The sequence is a genuine one, with dramatic values over and above the lyrical ones, such as every such work must have to give it unity. Unfortunately this element is not developed as effectively as the opening portion of the series gives warrant for hoping. There the character of the painter

and that of his environment come out with some vividness, and the poet is not afraid to heighten these with homely and humorous realism, as in this admirable quatrain, from Sonnet 5:

"Heaven knows what moonlit turrets, hazed in bliss,
Saw Launcelot and night and Guinevere!
I only know our first impassioned kiss
Was in your cellar, rummaging for beer."

But of this distinctness there seems not to be enough. At least one is not without fears, though the painter does live and grow throughout the sequence, that he sometimes draws from his portfolio a sonnet on things in general, which might have been written by poets in general, as distinguished from himself. Nevertheless, there have been few more successful experiments in this difficult type in recent times. Mr. Ficke uses the English or Shakespearean form of sonnet, with a vivid sense of its characteristic movement, which is less generally understood in our day than that of the "Italian" form. Even Shakespeare seems frequently not to have troubled to make his final couplet more than a tag or appendix to a lyric already complete in twelve lines. This tendency Mr. Ficke avoids with skill. The movement and unity of his lyric may be represented by the rapturous love-sonnet, Number 20:

"Ah, life is good! And good thus to behold
From far horizons where their tents are furled
The mighty storms of Being rise, unfold,
Mix, strike, and crash across a shaken world:—
Good to behold their trailing rearguards pass,
And feel the sun renewed its sweetness send
Down to the sparkling leaf-blades of the grass,
And watch the drops fall where the branches bend.
I think to-day I almost were content
To hear some bard life's epic story tell,—
To view the stage through some small curtain-rent,
Mere watcher at this gorgeous spectacle.
But now the curtain lifts:—my soul's swift powers
Rise robed and crowned—for lo! the play is ours!"

RAYMOND M. ALDEN.

NOTES ON NEW NOVELS.

The author of "The Hat Shop," Mrs. C. S. Peel, seems to promise a work of the same kind in her later novel, "Mrs. Barnet Robes" (Lane), but there is considerable difference. The titular character is deserted, with a small daughter, by the gentleman she loves, and after hard work establishes herself as a dressmaker of fashion. He marries in his own class after a time, and his first child is a daughter. The narrative divides itself fairly between the two girls, who meet without knowledge of any relationship, but with recognition of an unusual personal resemblance. The marriage is unfortunate, and the legitimate daughter grows up in an atmosphere of tragical misunderstanding, while the other develops in a

humbler walk of life into a happiness entirely normal. It is a study of environments, thoughtful and carefully considered.

Such a book as "His English Wife" (Longmans), translated by Mr. A. C. Curtis from the German of Herr Rudolph Stratz, is bound to have more than fictional value at the present time, written as it was before the outbreak of the war. It was widely popular in Germany, and has reached a second edition in England. It describes the difficulties attending the married life of a young German officer and a young English girl whose father was born in Frankfort. It is just to Herr Stratz to say that he has contended against the usual impulse to set one's countrymen a pace or two forward while the foreigner takes two steps to the rear. The capture of English trade by Germany, one of the industriously exploited fictions of the time, bears no small share in the story.

James Hay, Jr., has brought the "temperance" tract fairly up to the compass of a novel in "The Man Who Forgot" (Doubleday). The protagonist has steeped himself in drink until he emerges from his last debauch absolutely forgetful of his past and with no clue to his identity. Determined to overthrow the Demon Rum in revenge, as well as for the benefit supposed to ensue, he enlists the resources of two millionaires whose sons have turned out drunkards, organizes a nation-wide demonstration at the Capital, and secures thereby the adoption by Congress of a constitutional amendment forbidding the importation, manufacture, and sale of alcoholic beverages. Incidentally he gains a desirable wife and comes to a knowledge of his earlier life; but the propaganda, as usual in such books, outweighs the romance of the tale.

Mr. Jack London seems determined to prove that fiction can be stranger than fact, in spite of warring Europe's example to the contrary, and "The Scarlet Plague" (Macmillan) is a doughty effort to that end. By a world-wide epidemic, humanity is almost obliterated from the world, and the few who outlast the scourge are selected without reference to the survival of the fittest. The story is placed in the mouth of a former professor of a Californian university, transformed into "a dirty old man clad in goatskins." Mankind is placed at the foot of the ladder once more, to begin a toilsome ascent, and the grandchildren of the survivors are depicted on the plane of the Digger Indians. It is difficult to be sympathetic with such a story; the realities are sufficiently ghastly nowadays.

Civilization is at present so shaken by calamity that cataclysmic stories seem necessary if fiction is to make itself as absorbing as the daily newspaper tale of slaughter and destruction. Accordingly, Mr. Arthur Train has written "The Man Who Rocked the Earth" (Doubleday) to show that science may still have a few things up its sleeve to add to the horrors of daily living; but he reconciles his readers by invoking this awful power on the side of peace. He makes the old dream of Archimedes come true by giving the

mysterious "Pax" of his narrative an electric lever which shifts the earth's axis, and promises to twist it further around if the nations do not stop fighting. It is an absorbing tale, made plausible in the face of evident difficulties.

Mystery, complicated by theosophy, makes "The Brocklebank Riddle" (Century Co.), by Mr. Hubert Wales, a puzzling story indeed. After a man's wife and his partner have seen him die, and one of them has seen his body cremated, he appears at his office. The situation becomes more and more strained when a woman whose husband has disappeared without warning comes to inquire after him. Brocklebank himself is puzzled, but dismisses all thought of anything supernatural. The last pages of the book solve the riddle as ingeniously as the earlier pages proposed it.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

Two German apologists.

In General von Bernhardi's "Germany and England" (Dillingham), the erstwhile lion of militarism roars you as gently as any sucking dove. Americans are sufficiently familiar with the doughty general's stout defence of war as a biological necessity and a moral and political tonic. They will now be amazed to learn from this little book, which is intended for American consumption, that the author never meant to say the things one finds in his earlier volumes, or that somehow, as the German Chancellor implied of his own unlucky "scrap of paper" phrase, he "had his fingers crossed" when he did say them. War is here justified only when peaceful means have failed, and of course Germany had exhausted all such means last summer before the plunge was taken. The earlier Bernhardi had the merit of candor; the present Bernhardi is an unpalatable mixture of disingenuousness and *naïveté*. He is disingenuous in attempting to explain away his own sincere utterances, and he is naïve in supposing that people will be fooled by that attempt. Like most of the German apologists, including even the dear departed Dr. Dernburg, he grievously underestimates the intelligence of the American public. The book also comes at a most inopportune moment, just when pro-Germans in this country have been doing their best to disavow and forget Bernhardi and all his ways. A somewhat better statement of the German case is to be found in Dr. Paul Rohrbach's "Germany's Isolation" (McClurg), which has been well translated by Dr. Paul H. Phillipson. Nevertheless, readers of the same author's "German World Policies" (reviewed in THE DIAL for April 15 last) will be disappointed. The book, though written for the most part before the present struggle began,

was evidently composed in the shadow of coming events. The tone is aggressive, and even menacing; it fairly vibrates with the note of approaching conflict, thus unconsciously furnishing interesting testimony to the state of mind of some observant Germans in the months before the war broke out. An introduction and a final chapter have been added by Dr. Rohrbach since the opening of hostilities. In the latter he appears as an apologist for all of his country's acts: Germany was not the assailant, the Kaiser strove almost unduly to keep the peace, the invasion of Belgium was justified because England violated Danish neutrality in 1807, etc. Yet the significant admission is made that it is difficult to think of "a phase more favorable to the German cause than the present alignment of Germany's forces and those of her opponents." The book closes with the inevitable denunciation of England as the one unpardonable foe. The stereotyped nature of German thinking on the war has scarcely ever been more pathetically revealed than in this volume by an intelligent publicist whose mind in normal times has not lacked proper elasticity.

The story of a short-lived community.

From the early summer of 1843 to the following mid-winter, a little company of "consecrated cranks," as they have since been called by the irreverent, strove to realize the higher life and to set an example to the rest of the world by practising, on a farm at Harvard, Massachusetts, the principles of strict vegetarianism, brotherly love, simplicity and sincerity, and other virtues—with next to nothing in the way of material resources whereby to prevent this life of the spirit from becoming as independent of the body in actual fact as it was in ideal and aspiration. But the rigors of a New England winter proved too severe a trial of their faith to these apostles of "the Newness," in their linen tunics and canvas shoes, and unsustained by more invigorating diet than a fast-diminishing ration of barley; and so the high-hearted enterprise of ushering in the millennium on a regimen of cereals and water came to a premature end. "Bronson Alcott's Fruitlands" (Houghton) rehearses the pathetic tale of this adventure in spirituality. Miss Clara Endicott Sears, a dweller upon the hill overlooking the scene of the undertaking, has compiled, in a spirit of mingled "pity, awe, and affection," this account of the "Consociate Community" founded by Alcott, with his long-suffering wife and his four daughters, and a half-score of more or less earnest and ascetic souls from different quarters of the globe. Letters and

diaries, including the bits of journals kept by two of the Alcott girls, Anna and Louisa, with other contemporary records, have been diligently searched and judiciously utilized by Miss Sears, who has also added, by permission, Miss Alcott's ever-entertaining "Transcendental Wild Oats," and has given in an appendix the very interesting "catalogue of the original Fruitlands library," about a thousand volumes brought from England by Alcott and his friend Charles Lane, and described in "The Dial" of that time as "containing undoubtedly a richer collection of mystical writers than any other library in this country." Views of the Fruitlands house, exterior and interior, with portraits of the Alcotts and other inmates, are abundantly supplied. To readers of discernment the book will commend itself as a veritable treasure.

Civic work of women in America.

The most recently published volume in the "National Municipal League Series" (Appleton) is Mrs. Mary Ritter Beard's "Woman's Work in Municipalities." The original plan of the author was to present simply a collection of readings illustrating the various phases of her subject. It was found, however, that there are not in existence documentary materials adapted to the purpose, and consequently the chapters of the book were written out by the author herself, with free use of passages from reports, correspondence, newspaper comment, and other scattered "sources." The result is a volume covering every important aspect of the civic work of women in this country in the past quarter-century, notably in relation to education, public health, recreation, housing, corrections, the social evil, the assimilation of races, and public safety. The fourfold purpose of the book is explained by the author to be: (1) to give something like an adequate notion of the extent and variety of women's interests and activities in cities and towns, without attempting a statistical summary or evaluation; (2) to indicate, in their own words, the spirit in which women have approached some of their most important problems; (3) to show to women already at work and those just becoming interested in civic matters, the interrelation of each particular effort with larger social problems; and (4) to reflect the general tendencies of modern social work as they appear under the guidance of men and women alike. It may be said that, in the main, these praiseworthy objects are accomplished. Information concerning the civic activities of women, in smaller towns no less than in the great cities, is brought to-

gether from widely scattered quarters, sifted, digested, correlated, and presented in form both unassuming and convincing. And the temptation (which must have been strong) so to stress the part played by women in civic betterment as to produce an incorrect impression has been resisted.

Our literature estimated by a foreigner.

Of considerable interest for the opportunity it gives of seeing ourselves as others see us is the little book on "American Literature" (Doubleday), by Professor Leon Kellner of the University of Czernowitz, translated by Miss Julia Franklin. Professor Kellner's estimates of the greater American writers and their works are, on the whole, those with which we are familiar; though it seems strange, for example, to find no mention of the Harvard "Commemoration Ode" when three of Lowell's lesser odes are praised. The peculiarities of the work are found chiefly in the attention bestowed on authors who, at home, are considered "minor," but who to the foreign observer are especially significant. Eugene Field and C. G. Leland are each given as much space as Bryant; and the former, who is highly praised, almost as much space as Whittier. Emily Judson, H. C. Dodge, and A. W. Bellow are among the names which appear in Professor Kellner's book, and are not commonly found in native histories of our literature. For these judgments of a distant observer, even those which seem most erratic, there are conceivable reasons which the American student would do well to ponder. Statements of fact are mostly accurate, but unfortunately the book abounds in crude misprints of proper names which might have been avoided if translator or proofreader had been even moderately familiar with American literary history. Typical of such blunders are "Hannah W. Forster" (p. 9), "Quabi" (p. 21), "Natty Bumpo" (p. 33), "Duyekink" (p. 147), "Edgar Allen Poe" (p. 159), "The Facts in the Case of M. Waldemar" (p. 165)—the last evidently the result of a double transliteration. On page 47, "Expostulation" and "Massachusetts to Virginia" seem, either through an error or through awkwardness of the English sentence, to be credited to Bryant.

The development of an infant phenomenon.

What is "Natural Education"? If we are to accept the view of the mother of Miss Winifred Sackville Stoner, Jr., whose account of her daughter's training is published under that title by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, in the "Childhood and Youth Series," it is a "natural education" for a girl to be lulled to sleep

by the hexameters of Virgil when six weeks old, to know one forgets how many languages at five, to have written a play in Esperanto at four, to have kept a carefully written diary from the age of two, and to have convinced "an old-fashioned Professor" at five that she "knew all the famous myths handed down by the Grecians, Romans and Vikings," etc., etc. After reading the pages which tell of her knowledge of Latin, another "old-fashioned Professor" is tempted to suggest that if this little girl really knows Latin it is a pity that she was not called upon to read the proof of this volume and correct the sad blunders in Latin words and sentences which have passed unchallenged the eyes of her mother, who taught her the language and wrote the book, and of Professor O'Shea, the general editor of the series. The average parent who reads the book will scarcely conclude that the kind of education which it describes is either natural or desirable. And yet Professor O'Shea boldly challenges comparison of the book with Rousseau's "Émile," claiming for it a style fully as attractive as that of the French classic, and the advantage of being an account of what has actually been accomplished, rather than an exposition of what an educational theorist thinks desirable. "It is not beyond reason," he adds, "to expect that the present volume will do for the practise of teaching at home and in the school what 'Émile' has done for the theory of education." Prophecy, of course, can be met only with counter prophecy; but the style of written books is open to inspection, and Professor O'Shea will search long for a disinterested and competent critic to agree with him in the dictum that the style of this volume is on a level with that of Rousseau, or of any other fairly competent master of French prose,—an instrument of expression which no other modern tongue equals save in very rare instances.

An orator on his art.

The noblest of the arts, in the opinion of the late Governor Altgeld, is oratory. A new printing of his little book on "Oratory," which originally appeared in 1901, now comes from the press with this year's date on its title-page. In discussing the principles of public speaking the author falls little short of poetic fervor in praise of the oratorical gift. "Oratory," he declares, "is an individual accomplishment, and no vicissitudes of fortune can wrest it from the owner. It points the martyr's path to the future; it guides the reaper's hand in the present, and it turns the face of ambition toward the delectable hills of achievement. One great speech made to

an intelligent audience in favor of the rights of man will compensate for a life of labor, will crown a career with glory and give a joy that is born of the divinities." Like Demosthenes, Mr. Altgeld makes "action," or delivery, the first, second, and third requisite of oratory. Admirable, and not exactly to be expected from an effective public speaker, is his insistence on literary excellence as a prime essential of good oratory. "Literary excellence is the robe of immortality without which no speech can live." True, but many an un-literary and even illiterate harangue has wrought powerfully upon its hearers. Not without autobiographic interest and meaning is the following concerning the orator of unselfish purpose: "If he would reach the highest estate possible on this earth he must stand resolutely with his face toward the sun; and when the cry of oppressed humanity calls for sacrifice he must promptly say, 'Here, Lord, am I.'" The greatest orators have not seldom been the champions of lost causes, as the writer notes, and "defeat is often the baptism of immortality." A lofty idealism reveals itself on almost every page of this remarkable little treatise, and nowhere more clearly than in the assertion that "isolation is the price of greatness, and the stars are all the friends an orator needs." The book is issued by "The Public," Ellsworth Building, Chicago.

Germany and
the "Holy War."

The short monograph by Dr. C. Snouck Hurgronje, of Leiden University, entitled "The Holy War: Made in Germany" (Putnam), is intended to clear up misconceptions as to the nature of a *jihad* or "holy war." Following the *coup d'état* by which Germany dragged hesitant Turkey into the war last October came the proclamation of the *jihad*, by which Germany hoped to incite all Moslems to a general attack on Great Britain and France. That the attack failed to ensue is now a matter of common knowledge. Dr. Hurgronje explains the reasons, and shows how German expectations were based on ignorance. According to Islamic doctrine, no wars are permissible except those against the infidels, and every such war is a *jihad*. But modern Turkey is mainly made up of Christians, and, conversely, the majority of Mohammedans are citizens of other countries. Moreover, not only is there no political unity in the modern Moslem world, but even the Caliphate or central religious authority of the Ottoman Empire is no longer recognized. Hence the miscalculations of Germany in trying to revive a mediæval institution so hopelessly out of place in the world of to-day.

NOTES.

"The Hope of the Family" is the title of a novel of the present war by Mr. and Mrs. Egerton Castle, announced by Messrs. Appleton.

Early in September "Jane Clegg," the first play by Mr. St. John Ervine to be published in this country, will be issued by Messrs. Holt.

A volume of "Sonnets of the Empire before and during the Great War," by Mr. Archibald T. Strong, will soon come from the press of Messrs. Macmillan.

A new edition of an early volume by Mr. Havlock Ellis, "Affirmations," is promised for early publication. It will contain an important new preface written by the author.

"Germany's Violation of the Laws of War," a report prepared under the direction of the French Ministry for Foreign Affairs, is in train for early publication by Messrs. Putnam.

A play of old Japan, entitled "The Faithful: A Tragedy in Three Acts," by Mr. John Masefield, is announced. The period chosen is that of the beginning of the eighteenth century.

Before the end of the month the fourth volume of "Glimpses of the Cosmos," the series including the collected essays of the late Lester F. Ward, will be published by Messrs. Putnam. This volume will contain the contributions the author made during his prime—from his forty-fourth to his fifty-second year.

Mr. Frederic Harrison has collected his scattered writings on the relations of Germany and Britain, covering a period of fifty years, in a volume to be published under the title of "The German Peril." The book is divided into three sections, the first entitled "Forecasts, 1864-1914," the second "Realities, 1915," and the third "Hopes, 191—."

An anthology entitled "Literary California," made up of selections in prose and verse from writers identified with the Pacific West, is announced for early publication by Mr. John J. Newbegin of San Francisco. The compiler is Mrs. Ella Sterling Mighels, author of "The Story of the Files." Biographical sketches and portraits of the writers represented, bibliographical data, and a full index will add much to the value of the work.

A new series of biographies is in prospect, the project being the joint venture of Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. and Messrs. Constable & Co. of London. It will be entitled "Makers of the Nineteenth Century," and will be edited by Mr. Basil Williams. Each volume is to contain the life of a man or woman who has had an influence on the century. The three titles scheduled for publication this fall are, "John Delane," by Sir E. T. Cook; "Abraham Lincoln," by Lord Charnwood; and "Herbert Spencer," by Mr. Hugh S. Elliot. Biographies of Cecil Rhodes, Victor Hugo, Lord Shaftesbury, and General Lee are in preparation.

Bulletins of the far-away Philippine Library make their rather belated appearance in our office

from time to time, giving information chiefly as to recent accessions, with occasional items of wider interest, as, for example, in the October issue, a brief history of the library from the formation of the American Circulating Library Association of Manila, in memory of American soldiers and sailors killed or wounded in the Philippines—an organization from which the present one had its origin—down through the transfer of the institution to the government in 1901, its incorporation with the Bureau of Education in 1905, its transformation by legislative act into its present condition (except as to fees) in 1909, and the entire removal of fees last July. In that and the following month about two thousand cards were issued, two-thirds of them to Filipinos. In the reading-room the proportion of native readers is between seventy and eighty per cent.

Publication of a second series of classics in science and philosophy has been begun by the Open Court Publishing Co. The first series, entitled "The Religion of Science Library," was begun just after the World's Columbian Exposition held in Chicago in 1893. Its purpose was to put the study of religion on a scientific basis, and was the direct outcome of the founding of the Open Court Publishing Company by the late Edward C. Hegeler of La Salle, Ill. He was very much interested in the Religious Parliament idea, the first meeting of which was called the World's Congress of Religions, held in Chicago in 1893. This series deals largely with the philosophy of religion. It now numbers seventy volumes. The second series will consist of reprints of classics marking the historical development of science and philosophy. The first volume of the series is still in preparation; but the second volume, made up of "Selections from the Scottish Philosophy of Commonsense," has just appeared. In thus making available in convenient and inexpensive form the classics of philosophic thought, the publishers are rendering a service that should be widely appreciated.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 59 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

- Writings of John Quincy Adams.** Edited by Worthington Chauncey Ford. Volume V. 1801-1810. 8vo, 555 pages. Macmillan Co. \$3.50 net.
- A History of England and the British Empire.** By Arthur D. Innes. Volume IV. 1802-1914. With maps, 12mo, 604 pages. Macmillan Co. \$1.60 net.
- The History of England from the Accession of James the Second.** By Lord Macaulay; edited by Charles Harding Firth, M.A. Volume VI. Illustrated in color, large 8vo. Macmillan Co. \$3.35 net.
- The Evolution of a Teacher: An Autobiography.** By Ella Gilbert Ives. With portrait, 12mo, 188 pages. The Pilgrim Press. \$1. net.
- My March to Timbuctoo.** By General Joffre; with Biographical Introduction by Ernest Dimnet. 12mo, 169 pages. Duffield & Co. 75 cts. net.

DRAMA AND VERSE.

- Paradise Found; or, The Superman Found Out.** By Allen Upward. 12mo, 99 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.25 net.
- A Bit of Love: A Play in Three Acts.** By John Galsworthy. 12mo, 84 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. 60 cts. net.

- The Lonely Way, Intermezzo, Countess Mizzie: Three Plays.** By Arthur Schnitzler; translated from the German, with Introduction, by Edwin Björkman. "Modern Drama Series." 12mo, 323 pages. Mitchell Kennerley. \$1.50 net.
- Processionals.** By John Curtis Underwood. 12mo, 273 pages. Mitchell Kennerley.
- The Judge: A Play in Four Acts.** By Louis James Block. "American Dramatists Series." 12mo, 119 pages. The Gorham Press. \$1. net.

FICTION.

- The Miracle of Love.** By Cosmo Hamilton. 12mo, 325 pages. George H. Doran Co. \$1.25 net.
- Pieces of the Game: A Modern Instance.** By the Countess de Chambrun. With frontispiece, 12mo, 259 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.35 net.
- Five Fridays.** By Frank R. Adams. Illustrated, 12mo, 339 pages. Small, Maynard & Co. \$1.25 net.
- Accidentals.** By Helen Mackay. 12mo, 320 pages. Duffield & Co. \$1.25 net.
- The Auction Mart.** By Sydney Tremayne. 12mo, 341 pages. John Lane Co. \$1.25 net.
- The Enemy.** By George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester. Illustrated, 12mo, 362 pages. Hearst's International Library Co. \$1.35 net.
- Come Out to Play.** By M. E. F. Irwin. 12mo, 304 pages. George H. Doran Co. \$1.25 net.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.—SOCIOLOGY AND ECONOMICS.

- America and Her Problems.** By Paul H. B. D'Estournelles de Constant. With portrait, 12mo, 545 pages. Macmillan Co. \$2. net.
- The Japanese Problem in the United States.** By H. A. Millis. Illustrated, 12mo, 334 pages. Macmillan Co. \$1.50 net.
- Street-Land: Its Little People and Big Problems.** By Philip Davis. Illustrated, 12mo, 291 pages. Small, Maynard & Co. \$1.35 net.
- Population: A Study in Malthusianism.** By Warren S. Thompson, Ph.D. 8vo, 216 pages. Longmans, Green & Co. Paper, \$1.75 net.
- The Orthocratic State: The Unchanging Principles of Civics and Government.** By John Sherwin Crosby. With portrait, 12mo, 166 pages. Sturgis & Walton Co. \$1. net.
- Nationalization of Railways in Japan.** By Toshiharu Watarai, Ph.D. 8vo, 156 pages. Longmans, Green & Co. Paper, \$1.25 net.

THE GREAT WAR—ITS HISTORY, PROBLEMS, AND CONSEQUENCES.

- The World in the Crucible: An Account of the Origins and Conduct of the Great War.** By Sir Gilbert Parker. With portrait, 12mo, 422 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50 net.
- The Great War: The Second Phase.** By Frank H. Simonds. With maps, 12mo, 284 pages. Mitchell Kennerley. \$1.25 net.
- The Note-book of an Attaché: Seven Months in the War Zone.** By Eric Fisher Wood. Illustrated, 12mo, 345 pages. Century Co. \$1.60 net.
- Cartoons on the War.** By Boardman Robinson. Illustrated, large 8vo, 75 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50 net.
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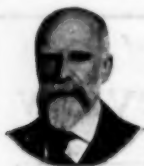
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